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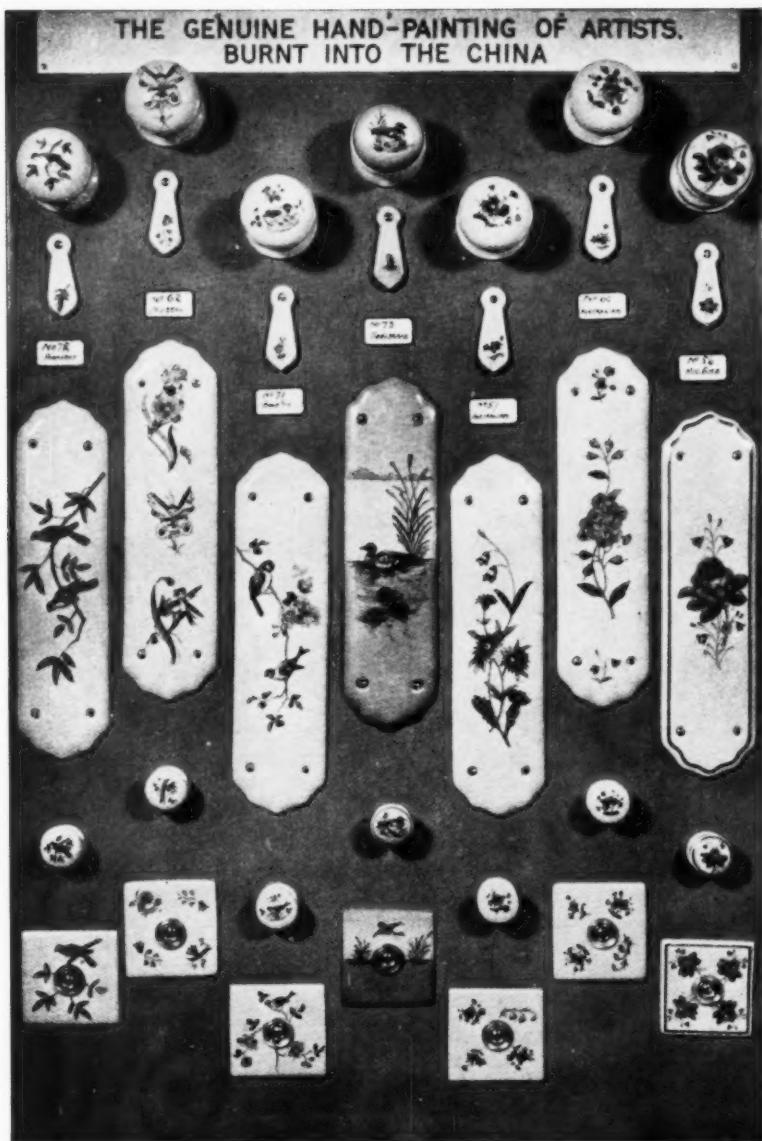
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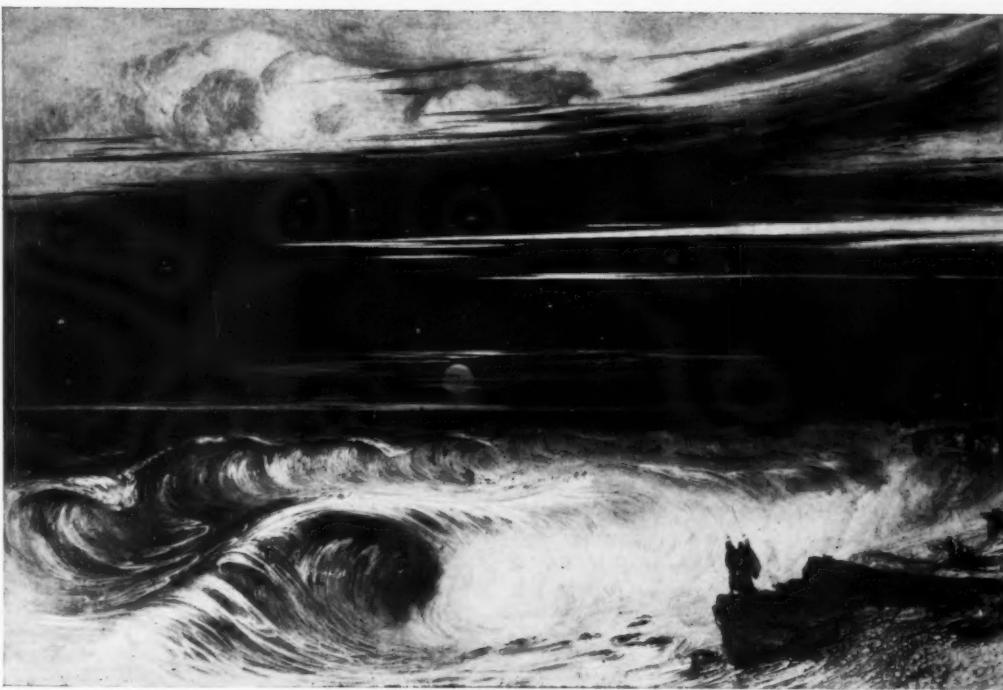
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# CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

## A MATTER OF FACT

BY  
PERSPEX



THE OVERWHELMING OF THE HOSTS OF PHARAOH. BY JOHN MARTIN.

Water-colour at the Leger Gallery.

PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

THE record-breaking sales at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition this year are in themselves an interesting comment upon the taste of the picture-buying (and, we may assume, the picture-loving) public. Practically all of these are small works in the Royal Academic tradition of representation without any forcing of the personality of the artist: polite topographical flower pieces, some portraits of course, a few figure or subject pictures. With this a surprising number of etchings and lithographs. One coloured lithograph "Matador" by Anthony Dyson sold about forty copies, and several other graphic works coruscated into a magnificent display of red sold-spots. Even the Chantrey purchases were of a number of smallish pictures rather than the outsize genre of Victorian and Edwardian days, although in this case there was not the operating factor of the limited wall-space of flats or mews cottages to govern the choice. Actually artists tend to work on a reduced scale these days, so that the works available invariably have this characteristic in common. Probably even the working space of the artists has tended to shrink somewhat, and the problem of housing large-scale canvases begins there. Even the museums and art galleries watch the area of available wall-space, as well as their purses tightened by rising prices in many directions other than that of picture purchase.

One would hope that this tendency, democratic and generally levelling as it is, does not go too far, for an artist needs to work at least sometimes upon the grand scale and to feel that there yet exists a potential market for his work. I felt, for instance, that Dame Laura Knight's fairly large canvas, "The Hill Mokes," was a work which should have found a place in an art gallery, despite its size and the fact that it was priced at £1,000. It was an important picture in every respect.

This question of size as a factor in what is called nowadays "sales-promotion" is aesthetically of less importance than the other of subject and style. The belief of some of our betters that a picture matters only if it represents nothing nohow is quite evidently not shared to any appreciable degree by the picture-buying public. This may be all very sad and show a lack of that sensitivity of which we have heard so much; but it remains a fact. This despite the lavish expenditure of other people's money on exhibitions, publicity, and purchases by those official bodies who have over many years conceived their task of patronage to be fulfilled almost entirely on behalf of modernist art. Certainly there has been an amount of dealer's interest and an important and highly cultured coterie interested in this work; and, amid all the noisy réclame there has been high prices and a great deal of publicity for certain individual artists. In those quarters it is the correct thing to denigrate representational work almost in proportion to the success of the artist both in the market and in technical achievement. Let it be agreed that this principle equally applies on the other side, and that success in the type of art of which one does not approve is an added provocation. In this cold war between the theories perhaps the extremists of both sides have to agree to accept "peaceful co-existence," as elsewhere in world affairs.

It happens that the outstanding exhibitions of the month—always a rather quiet one with some galleries closed and others carrying on their earlier exhibitions—have been largely on traditional and representational lines. The water-colourists have been to the fore. At the Gallery of the Water-Colour Society itself the fourth exhibition under the title "Britain in Water-Colours" is being held. This was inaugurated during the Festival of Britain, and promises to become a hardly perennial. The title is in itself significant

## APOLO

in its acceptance of topographical subject-matter, that content which has always been the basis of English water-colour. It is, indeed, a matter of fact; and a large proportion of the pictures bear the names of the places which they represent—fourteen out of the first twenty titles do precisely this. We have only to compare this with the titles in an important *avant-garde* exhibition such as that entitled "Of Light and Colour" at Gimpel Fils to realise the change of vortex from the thing painted to the method of painting. There twenty out of the eighty works shown are called either "Painting" or "Composition."

This is not to say that the more conventional water-colourists at the R.W.S. Galleries are unconcerned with technique. If anything, it appears that the rebels are the folk with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and their paint splashed on in a wild slap-dash to express some inward vision, even though it be a vision of a single meandering black line crossed by two others in juxtaposition with a yellow streak on an otherwise empty white ground. Against this our water-colourists are altogether too tidy. Certainly the medium demands it; and a great deal of the charm of traditional English water-colour arises from the apparent calm perfection of the eventual painting. A moment's reflection tells you that success in this traditional art demands almost miraculous control of the medium before this ultimate smooth perfection can be reached. As part of the subconscious pleasure to be derived from any form of art lies in the vicarious enjoyment of the artist's command over his medium this triumph over a difficult technique probably accounts in no small part for the popularity of water-colours.

It is fascinating at a large exhibition of this kind, where the subject-matter is almost a variation on one theme, and the known predilection of the exhibition committee is for academic technique, to notice what variety there is in the manner and how much the personal idiom can be expressed. Sir William Russell Flint's method of carefully worked-up colour patches which achieve the solidity of oil painting yet never lose their water-colour transparency; Dame Laura Knight's theatre sketches; Ethelbert White's characteristic simplification of the forms of nature to a rhythmic pattern; Lord Methuen's pen and wash; Bertram Nicholls's old masterly solidarity; and, among lesser-known names, a picture of "Victoria Gardens, Paignton," by M. K. Wrigley in that style of wet juxtaposed patches of brilliant colour which reached perfection in the water-colours of Sargent; the "Smoke and Purple Roofs" of a Cotswold city painstakingly yet freely drawn by R. H. Sauter. A glimpse of a large and important John Martin water-colour at Leger's Gallery reminded one that the medium could be used imaginatively and even expressionistically.

A curious phenomenon of this water-colourist's view of Britain is that practically nowhere is there shown any of the inhabitants of our well-populated island. Nature has it all her own way of rather idealised beauty. One was quite thankful to John Roberts for taking us into "The Greyhound, Fulham," and also for showing us "Ladies' Corner," probably in the same fuggy local; or to R. Y. Ferguson for a glimpse of "Flower Sellers." Actually, the water-colour drawing is a most pleasing way of noting an unselfconscious group of contemporary humans. At another exhibition, that of "Artists under Forty," at the Zwemmer Gallery, I particularly noticed two quite delightful drawings by Vera Bassett, "Children at Play" and "Homeless", in this direct manner, yet with an imposed rhythm in the forms and a simplification which gave them a more modernist feeling. There was just a hint of the humour (and even of the style) of that brilliant and amusing recorder of our day and generation, Edward Ardizzone, and I felt that Vera Bassett was most certainly an artist to watch. At the first showing of the "Artists of Fame and Promise" at the Leicester Gallery, I had also noticed two of her studies of children which showed the same kind of observation, and the same half-humorous setting down of the facts.

Often, in looking at exhibitions, I find myself wondering whether our contemporary artists have lost the power to depict humanity: whether landscape is not overdone. A passing thought, maybe; but one is so much happier about the work of an artist when it convincingly includes the human figure. At that same "Artists under Forty" show I marked with pleasure two firmly painted London scenes by Alastair Grant, and then a quite staggeringly bad picture by him of two children sitting on some steps, called "Two Friends," which was in the naive child-art manner cultivated in modern education. One work here by Romany Egleigh—a name new to me, but stored in the hope of further acquaintance—bore the slightly pretentious title of "War of Smoke in Space." It threatened a new experiment in abstraction, but in fact was a piece of excellent impressionism of lovely colour and subtilised forms. An exhibition of under-forties is fulfilling its purpose when it does introduce us to new work and new names in this fashion.

The Summer Exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, mixed gathering though it be, also serves to mingle some promising unknowns with the regulars. Catholicity may be carried almost too far, for it is not easy to adjust the mind to a quite terrifying large Courbet, "Combat de Cerfs," a small "Seated Nude" by Etty, and some pleasant but rather slight gouache and pencil drawings by the unknowns. Robert Hill with two Van Goghish canvases, "Apple Tree" and "Bridge at Aldenham," soundly constructed if lacking in light, made an exciting contribution to the show. Edward Middleditch, whom we associate with this gallery, had an enormous study, "Cod's Head," which, for all its ability in presentation, made one wonder why anybody should wish to paint anything so hideous upon such a scale. At least he cannot be accused of adjusting his work to the available wall-space or the taste of the majority of potential patrons.

Two official exhibitions of the month take us back to that question of the human figure as the basis of art. One is the delightful exhibition of Italian Drawings acquired by the British Museum during the keepership of Mr. A. E. Popham; the other is the Arts Council Exhibition of the work of the contemporary German sculptor, Gerhard Marcks, at their premises in St. James's Square. The British Museum show reminds us that the Renaissance almost meant the discovery of the expressiveness of the human figure. During the years under review, 1946 to 1954, there was obviously little opportunity to acquire much work of the supreme masters in whom the Museum is already so rich, though both Leonardo and Raphael are among these acquisitions. Parmigianino, whose mannerist star has been rising of recent years, shines among the earlier XVIth-century masters, and from the second half of that century there is conspicuously a "Landscape with a River" by Agostino Carracci. Wherever we touch this Italian art, it is the search into natural appearances which holds us. The figure drawings of the early masters, Boscoli's fine "Supper at Emmaus," Mola's "Man holding Stone," the engravings of Longhi, or the romantic "Head of a Young Man" by Piazzetta: the whole exhibition is marked by lovely things, and the artists were never afraid that they might exhaust the aesthetic possibilities of the study of nature.

It is one interesting aspect of the drawings and sculpture of Gerhard Marcks that the work begins with this concern for natural appearances and moves slowly over to distortion and expressionism, from a matter of visual fact to one of subjective idea. His drawings, like those of so many sculptors whose drawing subserves their main task, have an economy of expression which gives them fundamental beauty; and the sculpture, especially the pieces displayed in the open air in the newly paved garden of the Arts Council house, reveal a German sculptor belonging to the great European traditions. I would hope that Gerhard Marcks will remain true to that tradition, for I believe that Greece and the Renaissance and the natural world can still hold their own against the concepts of the studios of Paris.



Fig. I. Battista Sforza, wife of the Duke of Urbino.

Both by Piero della Francesca and both at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



Fig. II. Federigo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino.

## The Portraits of Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino

BY F. M. GODFREY

HERE is a marked consensus of opinion among historians of the Italian Renaissance about the great Duke of Urbino, Federigo da Montefeltro. From Burckhardt's classical page he shines forth as the ideal prince of the Renaissance, his state, his court, his very person a work of art. In the saga of his private life where we see the redoubtable condottiere talking to the abbess of the Clarisses through the grating or sitting at table while Livy or some devotional work was read to him, he appears like a sage of ancient times. Then again he would listen to some humanist lecture, attended by his son Guidobaldo and his familiars, as we can see him even now in the charming picture on view at the National Gallery after the recent cleaning.

"By thinking people," wrote Count Castiglione in his *Cortegiano*, "he was called the light of Italy." He has not been found guilty of any judicial murder; he could walk unarmed; he was a bookman, a scholar; he was religious; he was humane. Everyone is familiar with his unforgettable profile by Piero della Francesca, the monumental, rock-like countenance, silhouetted against the distant prospects of his dominion.

His Duchy was among the smallest in Italy; forty square miles of barren, unprosperous land between the Apennine foothills and the Adriatic. He was not even born in the purple, but the natural son of Guidantonio; he came to rule in 1444, when an elder brother had fallen a victim to a justifiable act of tyrannicide. Brought up in the foremost

humanist school of Vittorino da Feltre at the court of Gianfrancesco Gonzaga at Mantua, he served under the great condottiere Piccinino and became himself one of the most formidable generals of his day. On the strength of his fabulous income as a commander in the field, fighting for popes and kings and the greater Italian republics, and reducing his savage neighbour Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta of Rimini to the status of country-squire, he made the court and the city of Urbino into the most brilliant centre of art and of letters.

His household of 500 retainers resembled more a religious community than a military camp. The townspeople of Urbino worshipped him as their *père nourricière*. He employed them all in his army or in his trades. There is something truly patriarchal in the way he looked after their moral and physical well being: how he ate in an open hall, where everyone could petition him; how he meted out justice in the market-place; how he went to mass regularly in peace or war; and how after the day's labour he would sit with one or two friends to watch the noble youth at their martial games. Vespasiano, his librarian and first biographer, tells how strenuously he studied Aristotle, how well he liked to read Plutarch and Livy, St. Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. From thirty to forty *scrittori* were constantly engaged on copying the works of the ancients and of the schoolmen for the ducal library, which was his pride, in the spacious palace which Lucio Laurana was rebuilding for him on the brow of the hill, in the noble proportions of a Quattrocento Acropolis.



Fig. III. Madonna and Child with angels and saints and Federigo da Montefeltro. *Milan, Brera Gallery.*

Personally he was of quick temper, but he knew how to control it; and though of sensuous disposition, he did not indulge in it. He remained faithful to Battista Sforza, daughter of the Lord of Pesaro, who bore him the heir Guidobaldo. A prince so balanced, so valiant, so just, so high-minded could not fail to attract to his court the flower of his age, the noble youths whom he tutored in the arts of war, as well as scholars, poets and artists. But the glory of his reign is his long connection with the perhaps greatest artist of the age, with Piero della Francesca, who besides Laurana and Francesco di Giorgio helped to make the palace of Urbino an epitome of early Renaissance form, at once generous and severe.

Piero had come to Urbino in 1465 to paint the famous diptych of Duke Federigo and Battista his wife with the triumphal chariots attended by Virtues on the reverse of the panel, seen against the ethereal background of the Umbrian countryside. This is the portrait which more than any historian's eulogy has inscribed with incisive vigour the Duke's character and bodily form upon the tablets of history. Federigo's bust, as it looms large in front of the "shining lake and gentle hills, enshrouded in mist," in his olive skin, black hair and red cap, is a monumental as well as detailed form. Piero has not abandoned the tradition of painting portraits in strict profile. Nor is the idea of placing the sitter in front of a topographical panorama to be separated from that of his Flemish model, the portrait of Chancellor Rolin kneeling before the Virgin by Jan van Eyck.

The very scale of the bust in its large facial planes and rounded mass before the protracted aerial distance is apt to enhance the impression of strength and three-dimensional form. All the elements of the Duke's face, protruding chin and broken nose, the surveying eye under the heavy lid, the strange naturalism of warts and wrinkles and straying hair,



Fig. IV. Dialectic with Federigo da Montefeltro. By Pedro Berruguete. *Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum.*

have been welded into a sculptural whole, undemonstrative and impenetrable like the eternal rocks and hills that stretch behind. This stark silhouette, by means of aerial perspective and depth, has become part of the natural scene, an objective panorama, an integrated "map of a face."

Piero's portrait enlarges and indeed complements our notion of the man as the ideal prince of the Renaissance, the protagonist of a chivalrous age, the very foil and counterpart of Machiavelli's ruthlessly patriotic hero. For while his first biographer lays stress upon his uniting strength with prudence, his inscrutable stalwart countenance conveys benevolence as well as firmness, the power to guide and to sustain, at once impersonal and paternal. The Duchess who faces her lord, meek and ageless, withdrawn into the ivory casket of her immutable face, is no more than twenty. But more than the marmoreal silhouette it is the plastic intricacy of her kerchief, the thrice coiled hair, the sheen of pearls, the heraldic pattern upon the sleeve, which give to Battista's portrait a gemlike quality, enhanced by the imaginative view of the Appenine foothills. For this is no realistic transcription of nature, but a poetic summary of the thing seen and remembered.

Ten years later, in memory of the Duchess who died in childbed on giving birth to Guidobaldo, Piero painted the Madonna and Child with angels and saints and the Duke Federigo in full armour, kneeling at the foot of the Virgin's throne. The Duke's likeness, but for the shining breastplate and mailshirt, has been translated in its monumental stillness from the Uffizi portrait, subsumed though it be to the devotional purpose. So to commemorate a domestic event of the ducal household, with the worshipping prince enclosed within the circle of saints and angels, is of no small consequence in the history of painting. The prince as donor in

PORTRAITS OF MONTEFELTRO, DUKE OF URBINO



Fig. V. Federigo and his son Guidobaldo. By Pedro Berruguete. Urbino, Palazzo Ducale.

prayer of intercession, a lay-figure upon an altarpiece, the Renaissance individual in self-conscious vicinity to God and His saints, within the apse or side-chapel of a church, will attain its consummation in works of Mantegna, Bellini and Titian.

Here the "Sacra Conversazione" of earlier days has become a solemn co-existence, a liturgical act of worship, where the Virgin in the symmetrical centre of the composition, under the mystical and geometrical symbol of the egg—an Eastern emblem of creation—sits enthroned, mute and remote, where saints and angels are the pictorial equivalents of marble pilasters and mouldings under the elaborate coffered vault of the apse. These sacred figures are conceived as impassive columnar forms, arranged in depth and integrated by means of colour and light.

Towards the end of his life Piero's interest shifted from colour to light and from human personality to architectural values. Light that hits the vertical slabs of coloured marble or the great shell under the vault of the apse, shadow that deeply taints architectural form or glides across the face of saint or angel, they all enforce the living reality of space. In this marmoreal build-up of rounded and rectilinear shapes—an echo from the marble entablatura of Venetian palaces

—the static form of human assistances is broken into only by the individual likeness of Luca Pacioli, the famous mathematician, in the guise of St. Peter Martyr, and by the "fleshy realism" of Federigo's hands painted by Pedro Berruguete. Perhaps, as Sir Kenneth Clark suggested, Federigo felt that his head was "too severely ideal" and that Piero "was glad to be relieved of the task of painting the irregularities of the human flesh." Nor is the condottiere in the *Pala di Brera* more than a subsidiary shape, and his rugged head is less wrought with incisive and marmoreal form than his earlier effigy.

Between the two likenesses by the master from Borgo San Sepolcro must be placed yet another portrait, formerly ascribed to Justus van Ghent, painting under the influence of Melozzo da Forli, but now to Pedro Berruguete, who also worked at Urbino from 1474. There in the Palace Library the Duke commissioned seven allegorical panels representing the Liberal Arts. Of these Music and Rhetoric are preserved in the National Gallery, Dialectic and Astronomy in Berlin. In each of them a devotee of the art, kneeling at the steps of his deity's throne, receives the knowledge after which he is striving in form of a sealed book. In a boldly foreshortened room, half classical temple, half palace-chapel, Federigo in ripe manhood is seen in three-quarter profile. It is the only likeness prior to the discomfiture that overtook him in tournament which cost him one eye and disfigured his nose. It is a fuller visage, a naturalistic likeness, without the strong imprint of art and of spirit, the raw material of a face rather than the artistic sublimation which Piero transmitted. This Franco-Flemish realism of Berruguete translates the heroic icon of the Uffizi portrait into a homely, ample, benign senatorial portrait, a wealthy burgher, a patron of art and of letters rather than the ideal prince of the Renaissance. This coarseness is more perceptible still in the Spanish painter's state-portrait of the Duke, which has now returned from the Palazzo Barberini to the Urbino Museum.

By dint of the "fleshy realism" of Pedro Berruguete's Flemish manner, Federigo's portrait assumes a robust vitality and corporal presence. In the study of the Duke of Urbino, among the portraits of ancient philosophers, poets and scholars, Federigo is represented as Gonfaloniere of the Church, in splendid armour, yet also as a man of letters, a student and humanist, accompanied by his young heir Guidobaldo, holding the sceptre of the realm.

The close-up view of this powerful face, painted in thick impasto, the large planes of cheek and jaw, the aquiline nose, the huge brow, give to the ageing condottiere an expression of rocklike solidity. In his enormous fleshy hands with the rheumatic joints the Duke holds a mighty volume, leaning it against a lectern of flamboyantly Gothic design. He wears a royal mantle of scarlet and ermine over his armour, incandescent with mirror-like reflexes. The huge helmet with visor drawn, the sword of state point to the soldier of fortune; but the book, the barren cell, the silent study tell of the Duke's deep-seated concern with the things of the mind.

By the side of his father, Guidobaldo, who was born in 1472 and is here no more than five years of age, must needs pale. His small waxen face with the dark, serious eyes, the fair hair crowned with a double chain of pearls, the heavy sceptre, the long robe of golden stuffs, richly studded and ornamented, lend to the child an appealing sweetness and grace, in strong contrast to the high-complexioned vitality of the Duke.

In front of Berruguete's powerful pictorial manner, the last doubt that the painter of this double portrait cannot be Justus van Ghent must vanish. This is borne out by yet another record of the Duke's countenance in the Palace of Urbino, the "Last Communion of the Apostles," by Justus van Ghent. Though the slender and noble Christ is an impressive shape, everything else here appears borrowed: the heads of Apostles from Hugo van der Goes and the floating angels from Roger van der Weyden. In the far



Fig. VI. Detail from "The Communion of the Apostles," by Justus van Ghent. *Urbino, Palazzo Ducale.*

corner of the room, where the disciples kneel by the side of the communion-table, the Duke enters with his counsellors. Federigo in a red and gold embroidered mantle looks upon the scene with awe and with wonder. Dark hair protrudes from under the red ducal cap. The familiar profile is obviously adopted from Piero, the indented nose, the prominent chin, the tight lips; but the manner of painting is flat and the drawing awry, the salient features exaggerated, so that the nobility, the inherent idealisation, the crystalline beauty of Piero's portrait are no longer transmitted at first hand.

Justus van Ghent had left the studio of Hugo van der Goes in 1470 and since mixed freely with the Italian and Spanish artists at work in the palace of Urbino. But in the "Communion of the Apostles" his Flemish memories broke through the thin Italian varnish, perceptible in the play of hands, the southern vivaciousness of the courtiers, the round Renaissance temple in which the scene is laid. Elsewhere the northern gloom and primitive stiffness of Bouts prevail, who painted his "Last Supper" for the city of Louvain.

If ever a face has become a work of art by dint of the painter's mysterious transmutation it is in Piero's rendering of Federigo. But if we want to study the grosser realities of the flesh, the frailties of natural form, of ageing skin and sagging cheek, we must turn to the Flemish portraitists and to the terra-cotta plaque of the Duke preserved in the Palace of Urbino.



Fig. VII. Relief in Terracotta. *Urbino, Palazzo Ducale.*

# GEORGIAN PILLAR AND TRIPOD TABLES

## Part I

BY E. H. PINTO



Fig. I. An elegant octagonal kettle stand in mahogany; *circa* 1765. Georgian kettle stands, being single-purpose pieces, have tops only large enough to take the kettle lamp, but tripods well spread to give stability. (Mallett.)



Fig. II. Some fine quality mahogany pillar and tripod tables, such as this, have plain or simply moulded table tops. The dolphin feet are beautifully proportioned. *Circa* 1765. (Hotspur.)

**S**EVENTEENTH-CENTURY pillar and tripod tables are rare but not unknown. The woods chiefly in vogue then, oak and walnut, are not well suited to a design entailing the central support of a comparatively large area of unframed top. Most of the elaborate pillars and tripods which have survived from the second half of the XVIIth century are tall candlestands which, made in pairs, were used in all stately homes. These stands, mostly of walnut or carved and gilded or silvered pine, have tops only large enough to take the base of a candlestick. As these small areas are usually well supported by an outward swelling at the top of the column, they are entirely suited to the materials employed.

The introduction of mahogany radically affected English furniture design. Its density and mildness, combined with its strength and freedom from warping and the great widths in which it was available, made possible new designs in which stability could be achieved with much lighter construction than had hitherto been possible. Georgian pillar and tripod tables of the types illustrated in Figs. II to VI, owed their designs mainly to the use of mahogany and their purpose largely to the fashionable habit of tea-drinking.

There was a smaller brother of the pillar tea-table which also owed its being to tea, but it was born before the age of mahogany. This was the kettle stand, of which a few examples in walnut, dating from the beginning of the XVIIth century, have survived. It was made about 23 in. high, against the tea table's 28 in. to 30 in., and the top, which might be of wood or of brass, was only large enough to hold the base of the spirit lamp, under the kettle. The kettle stand stood at the side of the tea-table and raised the height of the kettle (on lamp) to the level of the equipage on the tea-table.

Nowadays, when we have a much wider range of table heights than was in vogue in the XVIIth century, "reproduction coffee or ash-tray tables," to stand at the side of armchairs and settees, are turned out in hundreds of thousands and to the same height and approximately the same base spread as the kettle stands on which their design appears to be founded. But irrespective of quality, these modern pieces differ fundamentally from the XVIIth-century kettle stand because they are general-purpose tables in miniature, with tops of the same, or slightly larger, diameter than their tripod stands. Genuine kettle stands, on the other hand, like the earlier candlestands, being single-purpose objects, have tops only just large enough for their purpose, and bases with a considerably larger spread in order to give them stability.

This familiarity with the large-scale production of the present, borrowed from the past, makes the proportions of the surviving XVIIth-century kettle stands appear peculiar to many people. How graceful and elegant they could be can be seen from the example in Fig. I, which dates from *circa* 1765. This mahogany specimen is very finely proportioned, crisply carved with acanthus on the knees, and has boldly carved claws and a most delicate "Gothic" pierced gallery to the 11 in. diameter octagonal top, which is 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. high over the gallery. Some of the kettle stands of this period have circular tops, some rectangular, and even triangular tops are known, to take spirit-lamp bases of the same shape. The tops, which are invariably rigidly fixed to the pillars in early XVIIth century plain specimens, usually have "dished" rims or scalloped "pie-crust" edges.

Apart from the difference in height, pillar and tripod tables which retain their original tops differ from kettle



Fig. III. Another very fine table, with nice balance of plain surface to ornament, fine claw and ball feet and well-modelled turnery in the gallery surround. *Circa 1765.* (Phillips of Hitchin.)

stands in having a close relationship between the diameter of their tops and the spread of their tripod feet. The tops, too, are attached to the pillars in a variety of ways. Some are rigidly fixed, some revolve, some tip up, some revolve and tip, and some not only revolve and tip but are also completely removable. This last development seems to have occurred about 1755 and was effected by means of a small gallery, usually described as a bird-cage, which was fitted under the top. These bird-cages consist of a solid

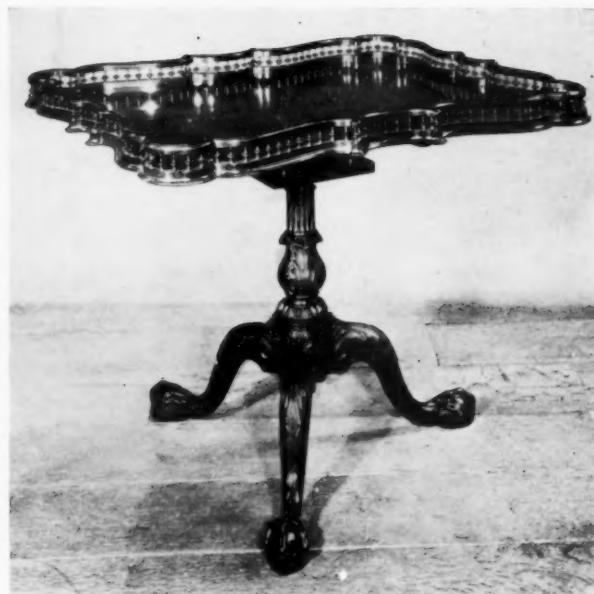


Fig. IV. The same remarks apply to this table as to the last. The serpentine shaping of the top is most graceful. Note the "bird-cage" action under the top. *Circa 1765.* (Jetley.)



top and a solid bottom, connected together at intervals by small turned pillars. In the bottom is a circular hole in which the shouldered apex of the pillar is inserted to form a pivot. When the top was intended to be removable and to pivot and tip also, the bird-cage was made square and only secured to the pillar by means of a removable wedge, inserted through the pillar above the bottom of the cage; the top of the cage was then pivoted between two parallel bearers screwed to the underside of the table top and secured by a spring catch. A "bird-cage" of this type can be glimpsed under the top of the table in Fig. IV. When the "bird-cage" was only intended to act as a turn-table and had no tip-up action, it was sometimes made circular on plan.

Pillar and tripod tables of mahogany were made in very large quantities throughout the second half of the XVIIIth century. The majority were well proportioned, simply turned but uncarved specimens, with plain tops. Georgian pillar tables with carving on them require particularly close scrutiny because quite a lot of plain ones, during the last century and in our own time, have suffered from carving added on stems, knees and feet; even when the new surfaces have been stained and polished carefully, this spurious decoration can usually be detected at a glance, by the flattening out of curves and the bad proportions which result. The cabinet designer who intended his table to be carved left sufficient wood to be carved away and still leave graceful sweeps. The faker who has embellished the good, plain work of the original creator ruins it by cutting into good proportions and reducing them to discordant elements. It is the rarity of really fine specimens, such as those illustrated here, which has made this deceit lucrative and has also led to another deceit, devised to enhance values—that is, the marrying up of a number of genuine carved tops with equally genuine carved bases which did not always commence life together.

Quite a number of the finest quality and most elaborate stems and tripods were originally provided with perfectly plain tops, because the tables were meant to be covered

Fig. V. Instead of the more normal inclined cabriole, these claws consist of double C scrolls. Although less elaborate than some of the other examples illustrated, the proportions are perfect and the workmanship of the highest quality. *Circa 1765.* (Partridge.)

## GEORGIAN PILLAR AND TRIPOD TABLES



Fig. VI. One of the most superb pillar and tripod tables known, with an unusual and particularly graceful form of support and magnificent rococo detail. *Circa 1755.* (M. Harris.)

with a cloth or used with a tray. The number of pillar and tripod tables has been increased by the addition of fine quality but quite unsaleable pole screen bases which have had their poles removed and table tops fitted. There is not necessarily any fraudulent intent in this last kind of alteration: quite often it saves from destruction a magnificent base which can admirably serve a new but useful purpose. In most instances, the alteration can be detected easily by the unusual slimness of the pillar in proportion to the tripod. Finally, there are pillar and tripod tables which have been made from the lowest tier of a three-tier dumb waiter. These can be "faulted" usually on three counts. Unless the top has been veneered afterwards, the end grain of the cut-off pillar shows through the centre of the table top. The pillar, divested of the upper tiers, appears too heavy for the table. Thirdly, the height, which comes to about 22 in., although most convenient for a modern occasional table, is wrong by Georgian standards.

The tops of the best quality tripod tables, up to as large as 30 in. diameter, are almost invariably cut from a single piece of mahogany; the claws (these tables were known by their contemporaries as "claw tables") are dovetailed into the centre column. Most specimens made between 1750 and 1770 have the three feet shaped as inclined cabriole legs, each of which terminates in a French scroll toe, a claw and ball, a dolphin head or occasionally a lion paw.

Fig. II shows a fine example of the dolphin head terminal, crisp carving, a delightfully simple top rim, and is altogether a beautifully proportioned and restrained composition. Fig. III is another outstanding specimen and, like the last described, is *circa 1765*. It has fine quality, sharp carved detail and sufficient plain surface to set off the ornament to perfection. The claw has the satisfying grip over the ball which the modern copyist seldom achieves. The gallery, with oval "windows" between pairs of miniature turned columns, is most elegant. The height overall is 29½ in. and the diameter 25 in. Fig. IV, another superb claw and ball table, has an unusually large oblong top of serpentine outline, with very delicately turned spindles to the gallery surround.

Fig. V, a perfect example of the plain topped table with elaborate base, is also of the Chippendale period, and the unusual double C scroll feet, with a small amount of very



Fig. VII. Another unusual table, designed on the same principles as a Georgian "cat" with revolving action between the upper and lower scroll supports. *Circa 1780.* (Mallett.)

finely carved acanthus and French toes, are noteworthy. Although the examples illustrated in Figs. I, II, III and V differ greatly in outline and ornament, all of them are alike in including some spiral fluting or reeding in the composition of the stems. This neat and simple form of ornament was used largely and happily, during this period, as a foil to carving and to separate it from other ornamental elements, such as turnery or pierced fretting.

One of the most remarkable pillar and tripod tables in existence is shown in Fig. VI. It measures 30 in. in diameter and 28 in. to the top of the gallery: its predominant accents are lightness and grace, and the style is consonant with other pieces, combining rococo carving with fretwork, which are illustrated in the first edition of the *Director* (1754). The quality is superb, and in all probability such a delicate piece was intended for *bibelots* in the drawing-room, rather than for tea. Actually, in spite of its "airiness," the construction is quite strong, with the base designed as a continuously curved tripod stool on which are mounted the three interlocking carved and elongated C scrolls which support the top. This top has an edge carved in an unusual design and surmounted by a particularly delicately pierced fret gallery, cut from solid segments, which are joined together at intervals.

The idea of terminating a cluster of table-top supports at an intermediate plateau, which also acts as a terminal for other legs or claws going down to the floor, occurs in furniture design at intervals; it enjoyed a vogue again in Regency and late Victorian times and is to the fore once more in some contemporary work.

Fig. VII shows another unusual table, formed basically on the principle of a Georgian "cat," with the revolving action situated between the upper scrolls, which support the hexagonal veneered table top, and the balancing ones, which form the claws. It dates from about 1780. In general principle of design, the outlines of the supporting members are a simplified version of those employed by William France in 1770 for a reading stand for Kenwood, which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

(To be concluded.)

# HEINRICH FRIEDRICH FÜGER, Miniaturist

BY RAYMOND LISTER



Countess Thun



Two Sisters

**H**EINRICH FRIEDRICH FÜGER was born at Heilbronn in 1751, where his father was a member of the clergy. At the age of eleven he already showed promise as a painter, for in 1762 a man named Aaronsen bought a miniature which the boy had painted. Shortly afterwards young Heinrich turned his attention towards larger painting, which he considered to be a greater art-form than the miniature—confounding size with quality as so many others have done before and after his time. However, he met with little success in this direction and made up his mind to study law, which he did for two years at Halle. But painting still claimed his attention, with the result that before long he was painting a number of portrait miniatures of his teachers, and so great was their approbation that he again decided to take up painting professionally.

With this aim he went, in 1769, to Leipzig, where he studied under Oeser. Once more he tried to put all his efforts into larger painting, but with ill success, and he was again impelled towards painting miniatures, for there was a popular demand for these small works and they offered a livelihood for him. The public, so often discredited for alleged lack of taste, were more than right in the case of Füger, and we must be truly thankful that he was encouraged by his patrons to paint miniatures, for instead of inspired miniatures, posterity would have been bequeathed with the works of yet another second-rate painter of battle scenes, and of the usual mythological and allegorical compositions.

After his experiences in Leipzig, Füger's reputation grew, and the British Representative at Dresden, Sir Robert Murray Keith, heard of him and invited him to be his guest there. The invitation was accepted and, as a result, the miniaturist painted a portrait of his host and one of the Swedish Representative at the Elector's Court, Von Sparre.

Füger was introduced by Keith to Fürst Kaunitz, patron of the Vienna Academy, who delighted in the encouragement of painters aspiring to the "grand manner," and who used his good offices to get the miniaturist sent to Rome by the Empress Maria Theresa. Füger was delighted with the opportunity and assiduously applied himself to the production of large canvases and murals.

Upon his return he spent some time in Dresden, but finally settled in Vienna, where he was destined to spend the remainder of his life. In 1782, he was made Director of the Vienna Academy, and the document in which he was proposed for the post says that he "before had distinguished himself as a miniaturist having now trained himself to be a painter of great art and of the historic picture." So much for the judgment of the

Academy! Posterity has rightly put the work of the miniaturist above that of the historical painter.

Füger was made Director of the Imperial Gallery in 1806, and as such he remained until his death in 1818. He married an actress, Josephine Müller, who in 1792 presented him with a son, who was christened Heinrich after his father.

It is in his miniatures that the true genius of Füger is to be found. His masterpiece is undoubtedly the famous miniature of the three Countesses Thun in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin.\* It was not possible to obtain a photograph of it to illustrate this article, so it must suffice to say that it is a truly remarkable miniature. Its design, its colour and its vivid portrayal of presence place it amongst the greatest works ever executed in the medium. From the point of view of the present article, its chief interest lies in the fact that one of its subjects is again portrayed in the miniature "Countess Thun," reproduced here. (Edward B. Greene Collection, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.) In comparison with the Berlin miniature it seems that this Countess is Marie Karoline Thun, for not only is the facial resemblance more striking than that of the others (Elisabeth and Christiane), but the shoulder clasp and the bracelet are identical with those which she wears in the larger work.

We are singularly poor in this country in examples of Füger's work, but the Wallace Collection has one miniature attributed to him, described in the official catalogue as "Two Sisters." Until 1920 this work was attributed to Cosway, and was considered to be a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon. In fact, the following inscription appears in ink on its back: "Duch<sup>ess</sup> of Devonshire/and her sister Lady/Duncannon/daughters of Lord Spenser/Co ;". The handling is much more typical of Füger than of Cosway, in particular being more highly finished and more granulated, and there seems little doubt that it is from the brush of the Viennese painter.

The miniatures of Füger stand as a great lesson, not only to miniaturists but to all artists who strive after the elusive "grand manner." If this artist had been hypercritical enough to see how fruitless were his efforts in larger work, how much richer the world might have been in his miniatures! The reaching for the grandiose has been a continual mirage to painters from time immemorial, and one has only to think of the work of some of the fashionable Victorian painters to realise into what dead-ends such strivings can lead. Füger remains, in spite of all his efforts, in the words of Ferdinand Laban, "a painter, small in great painting, great in small."

\* Reproduced in colour in "Heinrich Friedrich Füger der Porträtmalerei" by Ferdinand Laban. Berlin, 1906.

# VIEW'S AND NEWS OF ART IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR ERIK LARSEN, *Litt.D., M.A.*

THE "dead" season is upon us, and with it, what would seem to be a likely occasion to stop, make the point, and take stock of the past year's artistic events. The most important was doubtlessly the Metropolitan Museum's reopening of its many remodelled galleries. Generally speaking, the reconstruction job was well received, although the draperies, hung against the walls and forming the background for paintings, have been variously appreciated. The main point is that the public is now able to enjoy an uninterrupted survey of two thousand years of art: going back as far as antiquity, and leading up to modern times. The Metropolitan nowadays offers a vivid panorama of mankind's striving toward artistic expression and the treasures exhibited were selected either for their outstanding quality or otherwise on account of their cultural significance. We are proud to state that the *ensemble* could hardly be equalled anywhere else.

As far as paintings are concerned, the staff has been criticized for showing too many secondary objects that were hitherto hidden in the reserves. Personally speaking, I cannot find a serious flaw in this approach, although all depends, of course, on what one expects to be the aims and purposes of a museum: presenting a well-balanced overall picture of the harmonious development of a given school, or featuring peak productions only. The former method makes the inclusion of minor masters an imperious one; the latter treats the visitor to contact with flashes of genius exclusively. There is, of course, something to be said for both tendencies, for if the exponents of the didactic methods are right as far as scholarly students are concerned, the tenants of the "peak only" system may stress the importance of educating the public's taste. In that respect, they aver that the best is just good enough; however, there is a distinct danger of raising the sights too high and creating permanent dissatisfaction with the average standard of any artistic period.

Two prominent New York private collections went on exhibit during the season. One was the Stephen Clark collection, or rather chosen examples therefrom, at Knoedler's; the other, Mr. Robert Lehman's outstanding *ensemble*, lent to the Metropolitan for a full year.

The Museum of Modern Art outdid itself with the "Ancient Art of the Andes" show (reviewed in APOLLO's July issue); its Vuillard retrospective, on the other hand, was a great disappointment, for the long-lived Frenchman is distinctly lacking in stature and defies all attempts at being ranged among the truly great ones in his art. "True and False" at Wildenstein's did not keep its promises; it could have been a most interesting demonstration of current technical know-how, but fell radically short of our hopes.

At the Guggenheim Museum, we admire a very fine Cezanne portrait, quite recently acquired. It is in striking contrast to the Institution's announced policy of favouring "new statements" rather than quality *per se*. Yale University received the Rabenowitz Collection of Old Masters, and different provincial Galleries obtained extensive gifts from the Kress Foundation.

New York was guest, last January, to a number of foreign museum directors. The occasion was the celebration of Columbia University's two hundredth anniversary, but their coming was well timed for it offered the Metropolitan a welcome occasion to parade its "new look" before the world jury best equipped to judge its achievements. Many of these visitors had never before set foot in our country; and this provided a pleasurable occasion to display our artistic treasure chest and to show the many out-of-town Galleries containing respectable and many-sided collections. It is to be hoped that our friends will have taken back home a

picture of America different from the one usually painted by an adverse propaganda, and thereby contributing to a better understanding of our aims and civilisation.

The congress in question seems to have yielded already a most gratifying consequence in the shape of the important exhibition of Dutch masterpieces, scheduled for the early fall at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is certainly an event to which to look forward.

From the scholar's viewpoint, APOLLO's July issue featured exciting news. I refer to the rediscovered Hobbema landscape reproduced on its cover, and to the "Note" (*ibidem*, p. 14) stating that Dr. J. van Gelder believes it painted between 1690 and 1700. To judge the importance of the Dutch professor's admission, it is necessary to point out that most *zuenftige* art historians hitherto flatly denied that Hobbema was artistically productive after 1668; this is the date when the painter secured a post in the collection of the Amsterdam wine taxes. Some twenty years ago, American art magazines still featured headlines running more or less as follows: HOBBEMA STOPPED PAINTING WHEN HE MARRIED THE COOK. As to the "Alley of Middelharnis," its date (1689) was generally put in doubt and aspersions cast upon the authenticity of the third figure. It was only left to a few mavericks and *frondeurs*, among whom I am proud to count myself, to defend the opposite thesis, *viz.*, that the artist did not cease to paint until his death. Many paintings, generally labelled "English Imitations" by the trade, are authentic works, dating from as late as the beginning of the XVIIIth century. Among the authors who have brilliantly defended this viewpoint it behoves to mention Georges Brouillet, who published in Paris shortly before the last war an exhaustive monograph devoted to the artist. His book unfortunately includes faulty material, due to the fact that the writer is an engineer, insufficiently acquainted with the technical side of ancient painting.

But the text stands out for the kind of sparkling Cartesian logic of which a Frenchman solely seems to be capable; and the *Académie Française* recognised its intrinsic value by awarding it the first prize ever bestowed by that august body upon an artistic monograph. Jean Decoen, the Belgian connoisseur noted for his intuitive comprehension, and lately known for his intervention in the Vermeer-Van Meegeren case (*vide* his book *Back to the Truth*) has also always been an apologist of the same thesis. He frequently pointed out the fallacy of so-called XVIIIth-century Hobbema imitations and falsifications, whereas we possess documentary evidence as to the insignificant and really infinitesimal prices paid then for authentic works by the master. Granted that John Crome and his school vividly admired Hobbema, there is no reason why they should have copied him slavishly instead of transposing his conceptions into their own medium such as Gainsborough and Delacroix did with Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds with Rembrandt, and Whistler with Frans Hals.

The truth about Hobbema has been in the air for quite a number of years, and it is most gratifying to see a Dutch scholar finally accept the conclusions reached outside Holland a solid score of years ago. But we cannot countenance his claim to originality in a matter where the spade work has been done by those who maintain that flair and intuition always best dry book knowledge and mere antiquarian research. For those further interested in the question, I recommend an attentive study of Bernard Berenson, *Caravaggio*, p. 85, *et seq.*

A reverse aspect of the problem can be observed in the matter of the young Rubens. I plan to say more about this next time.

# CERAMIC CAUSERIE

## A Wedgwood Date

MRS. PHILIP LYBBE POWYS (née Caroline Girle) kept a number of diaries and journals that covered the years 1755 to 1808; she was a careful observer of all that came to her notice during that time. Mrs. Powys was an energetic traveller throughout England, was received in or paid visits to numerous noteworthy houses and, in many instances, knew their owners personally. Her twenty or so separate diaries and journals formed the basis of a selection edited by Emily J. Climenson and published in one volume in 1899. It presents the reader with a good picture of the manners, customs and surroundings of the society in which Mrs. Powys moved during the last half of the XVIIIth century and in the first years of the 1800's.

So far as ceramics are concerned, the published volume is noted for an important reference to Worcester porcelain figures. Mrs. Powys visited the manufactory in August, 1771, and in a passage that is widely quoted, recorded: . . . in this room they make the china ornamental figures, these are done in moulds, separate moulds for the limbs, and stuck on . . .

In 1797, she wrote:

August 31st—In the morning we went to London a-shopping, and at Wedgwood's, as usual, were highly entertain'd, as I think no shop affords so great a variety. I there, among other things, purchas'd one of the newly-invented *petit soupee* trays, which I think equally clever, elegant, and convenient when alone or a small party, as so much less trouble to ourselves and servants.

Wedgwood and Bentley opened their showroom in Greek Street, Soho, in 1774. In that year, the famous Russian service, made for Queen Catherine, was exhibited, and was duly inspected by George III's Queen Charlotte and countless other interested spectators. The showroom was later named *Portland House*.

One of the newly-invented *petit soupee* trays would be a Supper-set; a circular, or oval, mahogany tray fitted with shaped Wedgwood creamware dishes, and a central condiment-set. (One is illustrated in *Wedgwood* by W. Mankowitz, plate 47.) It is interesting to have a record of the date when these articles were first introduced.

## The Cost of Sèvres

Contemporary records are invaluable for the study of ceramics as well as for the study of other branches of art-history. Much old porcelain has appreciated greatly in value over the past two centuries, and it makes surprising reading to discover for what low sums much Chelsea, Bow and Worcester were sold at the time they were being made. Whereas the majority of the English productions do not seem to have been rated highly in terms of cash, Dresden and Sèvres were certainly costly. The importation into England of foreign china was prohibited unless it was for the private use of the possessor, and it could not, therefore, be offered openly for sale. In spite of this, there was a flourishing "black market" in Dresden china; which, it was alleged, was controlled by none other than the Saxon Minister in London.

Here is an interesting (and amusing) contemporary account of some shopping in Paris undertaken by Horace Walpole in 1765. He was accompanied by the Rev. William Cole, from whose *Journal*\* the extract is taken. It is clear from this description that even when purchased in the country where it was made, and without the addition of charges for packing, freight and smuggling, the china was very expensive.

I was with Mr Walpole one Day at a great Shop in Paris, Mr Poirier's, where it [Sèvres] was sold, & saw him give 10 Louis or Guineas for a single Coffee Cup, Saucer, & a little square Sort of *Soucoupe*, or under-Saucer, to set them on; they were indeed the highest



Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Pencil drawing by George Dance. (National Portrait Gallery.)

finished Things of the Kind that can be conceived: perfect Jewels that deserve to be set in gold Frames to be admired & looked at, but never to be used for Fear of breaking them: at the same Time, at another Shop of the same Sort, in the Rue St Honoré, at one Madame Du Lac's, he bought a Chocolate Cup & Saucer for his Nephew, the Bp of Exeter, which cost between 3 & 4 Guineas, & was a great Beauty of a less gaudy Cast. I was tempted to purchase 2 or 3 Things of the lowest Price I could meet with, as Specimens of this beautiful Manufacture: accordingly I bought Half a Dozen Cups with Saucers, for Coffee, which cost 9 Livres each Cup & Saucer, the whole 54 Livres, (or above 2 Guineas considerably), for the Set, with a neat Sugar Dish & Cover at 12 Livres: being the lowest priced Things I could meet with in that extravagant & tempting Shop; where the Mistress was as tempting as the Things she sold, & where a younger Man than myself would run great Risk of losing what is of more Value than Money, except he was much upon his Guard: so that it is no wonder that such a Shop was thronged with Customers, or that the Mistress of it might boldly set what Price she thought proper upon her Commodities: for both her Person, tho' drawing towards 40, as well as I could judge, voice & manner, were so engaging, that it was almost next to impossible to refuse her what she asked for them, or to go away without purchasing something both to remember where you bought it, as well as the Manufacture itself.

## Bargains for All!

To be Sold by Hand, under Prime Cost,  
ALL the Stock in the China Trade of Mrs. CHOLMELEY and Co. leaving off Trade, at the Corner of Compton-Street and Princes Street, St. Ann's, Soho; consisting of all Sorts of useful China, with Variety of Glass, and with the Fixtures of the Shop. (N.B. Mrs. Cholmeley still continues the Millinery Business as usual.)

From: *The General Evening Post*, March 13, 1753.

GEOFFREY WILLS.

\* *A Journal of My Journey to Paris*, 1765 (edited by F. G. Stokes.) Constable, 1931.

## LONDON NOTES

BY MARY SORRELL

**V**ICTORIA moved suddenly, but not before she had completely deceived me! From the distance I thought she was a very realistic china acquisition of Phillips and Rixson, when, in fact, she is their six months old white poodle, honoured with the run of the showrooms in Old Brompton Road, South Kensington. Ronald Phillips, who, at twenty-five, must be one of London's youngest antique dealers, has been joined by William Rixson, Junr., and their shop was opened some eighteen months ago. They have an excellent assortment for all pockets, and aim at keeping reasonable prices and a stock equal to West End standards. An oval Sheraton table (c. 1790), with a top of mahogany banded rosewood, and reeded edges, would appeal to all tastes. It is graceful and light in key, with an attractive straight column, and four splay supports. Around the table when I called were slender Hepplewhite elbow chairs, as perfect a combination as anyone might desire. A quite different set of six Chippendale chairs have an almost regal appearance, but the seventh chair is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. They belong to his Chinese period, having carved backs, and legs in blind fret, and an interesting point is that the understretcher of one has a coronet, which suggests that it belonged to a noble household and was occupied by the Peer himself. A crowded peasant painting by David Teniers (dated 1765 on a barrel), looked fine upon a corner wall, and a George I writing table in its original state, with dummy drawers in front, and pull out drawers at either side, is perhaps the most beautiful piece in these showrooms.

For a friendly chat, a host of information, and a browse into a considerable maze of silver, you will find the answer in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, where Mr. Challis keeps his shop. Here he specialises in silver and plate at moderate prices, and sells more King and Queen patterned silver cutlery than anything else. He matches also silver canteens and odd spoons and forks, which to-day are as cheap, or even cheaper than when they were first made one hundred years ago. The numerous silver kettles with their spirit lamps interested me, and among them was an early Sheffield Bishop's kettle and stand marked with his mitre. All these were made for use when the journey from the kitchen was a long way instead of our few steps. A rarity indeed is Elkington's silver-plated copy of the Portland Vase, gilded inside, and possibly the only one in existence. Mr. Challis has an emotive collection of fans and old lace (the latter from the collection of Heron-Allen), and some curious relics such as the silver chatelaine set, and the decorative and finely carved walnut bellows that have no useful function whatsoever in this crazy age of electrical gadgets. Vases, however, are always in demand, and the pair of four trumpet epergnes, with a silver centrepiece, would lend a most gracious XVIIIth-century air to a handful of garden flowers.

In the Chinese rooms at Spink's, King Street, St. James's, one enters a world of such breath-taking loveliness that words seem quite inadequate to describe the flawless art of those Oriental masters. Stones, opaque or transparent, of the most varied hues, are carved with incredible skill as landscapes, figures, or, to us, the more grotesque forms of ancient Chinese legend. Jade has ever been one of their most prized possessions, and there is little wonder that poets and scholars seek inspiration from such a screen as I saw, carved in green jade, with a landscape design set in a red lacquer frame, illuminated from behind. This screen is in a room containing innumerable varieties of jade; and as a contrast, a large ornamental wall panel carved



George I Writing Table

Courtesy Phillips and Rixson

in red, green and buff lacquer. In these showrooms, too, I saw one of the thinnest green jade "chrysanthemum bowls" ever made, and also a XVth-century gold bowl and cover incised with dragons, and studded with semi-precious stones. This came from the Eumorfopoulos Collection. It would seem strange to the Western mind to carve an isolated mountain, but here is a big one in lapis lazuli, resting on a carved wood base, and looking most impressive as it stands alone. It is lit as are many of these objects, which, of course, intensifies their simplicity of form. This applies particularly to the superb XVIIth-century clear crystal vase, 15 in. high—flattened baluster shape, and carved at the sides with dragons in high relief. It was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1915. In a nearby wall cabinet is a display of small snuff-bottles, with decorative stoppers to which the spoon is attached. Made of all kinds of stones and materials, these bottles are sometimes inscribed with poems.

Another nation's art—that of the Dutch—recalls immediately those intimate conversational and pastoral scenes, and the lush vintage of flowers, which are usually set in a vase in the centre of the panel, their multi-coloured forms painted with a loving care and perfection that has never been surpassed. Paul Larsen's Gallery in Duke Street, St. James's, has a good sprinkling of flower pictures of varying schools and periods, mostly XVIth- and XVIIth-century Flemish, although one magnificent bouquet was painted at the turn of the XVIIIth century, and is by Franz Petter.

I liked Ambrosius Brueghel's tranquil bunch, more primitive than the rest, and dated early XVIth century. The highlight of the paintings was Pieter Gysels' "Off to Market," where the detail is felicitously observed in the homely little incidents taking place everywhere. The foreground, painted so convincingly in rich impasto of an enamel-like quality, leads the eye into the soft dewy distance of a summer's morning, and the coaches and figures seem actually to be advancing towards one. Also well represented in this gallery is the Italian School, with views of Venice by Guardi and Marieschi, and a vibrant portrait of a boy by Amorosi, in the tradition of Franz Hals. A rare and tiny late XVIth-century gouache of "The Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness" by Francois Boels has that fragile touch and searching simplicity that grows unto its own eloquent laws, being of superb quality and in pristine state.

## EVENTS IN HOLLAND

NOTWITHSTANDING the generally quiet summer season artistic activities in the Netherlands are quite remarkable at this time of the year. Of course, the art auctions will only be resumed in October, but prospective buyers and lovers of art undoubtedly will find something to their taste on the numerous exhibitions and other manifestations in the country. Almost all of them will be going on through the latter half of this month. The art and antique dealers' Fair will close on September 15th.

Although the exquisite exhibition of Eastern art treasures in Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum has been briefly reviewed in a preceding issue of *APOLLO*, it may be stated again that this instructive and beautifully arranged loan-exhibition should not be missed. On this occasion another show in a forgotten Amsterdam museum invites attention: fine old oriental carpets from French collections are to be seen in the Museum Willet-Holthuysen, an old patrician house along one of the typical Amsterdam canals, the Herengracht.

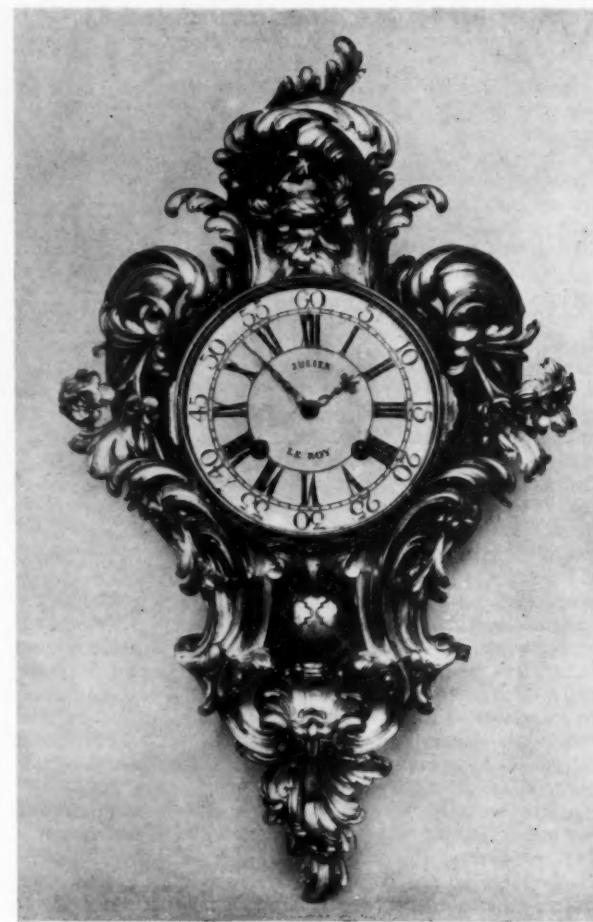
The municipal museum of The Hague shows the almost complete graphic œuvre of Picasso. This particular exhibition has been brought together from French and Swiss collections. It reveals the evolution of the artist as it has never been possible before. The Central Museum in Utrecht brings "Treasures from Peru." Works of art are exhibited from the periods before the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards in 1532, consequently from earliest times up to and including the realm of the Incas.

No less than three captivating exhibitions are organised in Rotterdam. A small one is dedicated to Hercules Seghers, the fantastic painter and enigmatical etcher. Nearly 20 French still-lives from many European collections are also on view in the Museum Boymans. They cover a period of four centuries. Setting aside the charming panel of books in a niche by the Master of Aix, which is dated about 1445, the main stress is laid to the hardly known French painters of the XVIIth century and the contemporary masters. Comparatively few connoisseurs or collectors have ever seen and studied those intimate and rare still-lives by Baugin, Stosskopf, Linard, Garnier, Louise Moillon, Picart and others. The XVIIth century is well represented with a series of fine Chardins, Oudry and De la Porte. The spirit of our time culminates in some powerful works by Braque and Gris.

The genius of contemporary Italian sculpture strikes the eye on the open-air exhibition in the park of the same museum. This exhibition of the work of only five masters may be called an event indeed. It proves that even now, or perhaps again, Italian art is a class apart. The dominating masters in this show are Giacomo Manzu, who is represented with more than 20 sculptures, and, perhaps above all, Marcello Mascherini, whose bronzes of men and animals combine old traditions of classic art with modern trends of thought.

Back to old art, the Antiques Fair in Delft remains in the centre of interest. This increasingly important exhibition, organised by 28 members of the Netherlands art dealers' association, is still open till the middle of the month in the Delft Prinsenhof-Museum. It is held under the high patronage of Prince Bernard of the Netherlands. The opening, every year an elegant and dignified ceremony, has been performed this time by a prominent collector, the Dutch Ambassador to Sweden, Minister J. Visser. The Dutch Fair has become a meeting-place of those who enjoy studying or being surrounded by beautiful things in the unique setting of a historical building. The total value of the exhibited works of art, which are all for sale, is rated at 6 million guilders, and it is supposed that the number of visitors will reach 30,000 this year.

In addition to the pre-view, given in the foregoing issue of *APOLLO*, this Fair deserves a further mention for the benefit of late visitors. The first room of the show is occupied by the mediæval works of art from the possession of J. Wiegersma, Utrecht. Special attention may be given to a Flemish XVth-century sculpture of the Madonna and Child. The top-piece of Hoogendijk, Amsterdam, in the second room, forms a large painting by Joseph Vernet, the harbour of Marseille. In Stand No. 3, Schretlen, Amsterdam, shows his fine sculptures. Cramer, The Hague, in the next room, exhibits among others a portrait miniature of two ladies by Jean-Urbain Guérin, a version of the example in the Louvre, of which there is a copy in the Wallace Collection, and a miniature by Augustin from the collection of Lord Hastings. Stand No. 5 is filled by the



"Cartel" Clock, XVIIth century French. Movement by Pierre le Roy. Ormolu case signed Osmond. Exhibited at the Delft Fair by G. Cramer, The Hague.

large collection of antiques from Messrs. Beeling, Leeuwarden.

It is a special attraction of the Dutch Fair that every room in the museum has its own characteristic atmosphere. In Room 6, for instance, Mr. v. Wenz' drawings (discussed in the last issue of *APOLLO*) are on view, and Stand No. 7 is dominated by the wealthy silver collection and fine Renaissance jewels from the possession of Messrs. Premsela and Hamburger, while Alderink, in the following room, shows refined Asiatic art, for instance, a black stone head from the T'ang period.

Going around on the ground floor of the museum, we see subsequently the stands of the Amsterdam dealers, Staal, Morpurgo, Denijs, Enneking, van der Ploeg and Schulman, followed by Nijstad from The Hague. So much is to be seen here that it cannot be duly reviewed within a few lines: tapestries, XVIIth-century furniture, silver, Delft pottery and oriental China, and so on. An interesting Flemish flower still-life, by J. P. v. Thielen, may be mentioned separately; it is a real "portrait of rare tulips," with a piece of paper in the foreground on which the names of the flowers are painted.

A visit to the Fair would not be complete without making the tour also on the first floor of the building. This second part of the exhibition is equally interesting. Walking around, we see van Gendt's fine books, Dirvens' enormous stock of antiquities, a colourful triptych, probably Austrian, and a Flemish Madonna and Child at the stand of Bless, and a signed Green-wood glass next to Benin bronzes in the room of Vecht from Amsterdam. It would be an endless task to mention all major exhibits, and the fine specimens shown by the remaining dealers will be commented on as soon as the opportunity arises.

H. M. C.

# GREEK EARTHQUAKE APPEAL

IT is one of the heartening signs in the otherwise not very heartening international scene that natural disasters evoke immediate sympathy and practical help which transcend all the divisions of nationality, race, and opposing ideologies. The Appeal on behalf of the victims of the terrible Greek Earthquakes is a recent instance of this kind of response to the needs of stricken humanity. In this case the sufferers belong to one of our old allies and one of our European neighbours whose culture has meant so much.

An aspect of this Appeal which should be of especial interest to APOLLO readers is the Gala Auction which is to be held at Sotheby's at 9 o'clock on the evening of October 6. This event promises to be at once a social and a cultural one, since on the one hand there will be the amenities of a bar and some entertainment, and on the other—more typical of this particular setting—an auction sale of antiques, articles of virtu, pictures old and modern, prints and drawings, and sculpture. These in generous abundance and of the first order have been given to the Fund for this sale by dealers, collectors and artists. An illustrated catalogue has been prepared by Mr. Terence Mullaly, who is assisting Lady Norton, the organising secretary of the Fund, and Mrs. J. C. Carras in the arrangement of this Gala Sale.

It seems invidious to choose among the seventy or more lovely things which have thus been generously donated: furniture, including a fine George I Mahogany Chair from M. Harris, and an XVIIIth-century Tea Table given by Fiana Partridge; Chinese works of art; appropriate Greek works such as an XVIIIth-century embroidery from the Vigo Art Galleries and a two-handled bowl belonging to the VIth century B.C. from Messrs. Spink; a set of silver ice-spoons from Wartski; a Caussin violin from Hills; a XVth-century jar from Mary Bellis; and so on through almost every department of collector's objects.

The pictures, drawings and sculpture, old and contemporary, are equally of outstanding merit. Often they have been given by the artists themselves, Annigoni, Chagall, Vlaminck, Princess Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid, Michael Ayrton, Epstein, Gear, Grant, Lowry, Piper, Matthew Smith, Ruskin Spear; and in sculpture Arp, Reg Butler, Hajdu, Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore. One of the exciting



The Private View. By Sickert.

Donated by the Leicester Galleries to the Greek Earthquake Fund.

sculptures is a small bronze hand by Rodin given by the Musée Rodin. Other gifts come from collectors: Sir Kenneth Clark has donated a large Graham Sutherland gouache and two Ben Nicholson paintings. Again the dealers have been most generous, the Redfern, with another Nicholson; O'Hana with a Pascal; Matthiesen with Augustus John; Zwemmer with a John Craxton; Agnews with a Downman drawing; Slatter, a landscape by Mirou; the Parker Gallery with a fine classical landscape by Müller; the Leicester with the important oil painting by Sickert which we illustrate as typical of the excellence of these gifts. May we express APOLLO's wishes for the success of a most worthy and interesting experiment in charitable help?

## MUSIC: Wit and Gall

BY P. J. INMAN

The late Constant Lambert was a great musician who also, on occasion, knew how to turn a limerick and draw a cork; the more reason to respect his opinions such as are found in *Music Ho!*, a witty book and a wise one. "Unfortunately," he says, "music is not very well adapted to wit... and the only type of humour possible in music is buffoonery." Alas, it is almost true. Mozart, as is well known, could enjoy a *Musikalische Spass*, and Shostakovich, in erring days, produced a polka which depicted a session of the League of Nations, but this has the defect of being rather less funny when you know what is what than when you do not. In any case, the gap between these two works is appalling, and grave. For it means that even serious people will have to amuse themselves somehow, probably at the expense of earnest masterpieces. Those of Richard Strauss, for example. I have myself witnessed an entire audience convulsed during all but the last hundred bars of "Ein Heldenleben," and under conditions of the utmost difficulty; for those who now build concert halls make even the best seats too narrow to allow any expansion of the ribs.

No, music is not often humorous, in spite of the efforts of some of our best conductors, but it does have a

literature in its margins which contains all shades of wit, irony, spleen, gall and sarcasm. Those who are unacquainted with Hugo Wolf know Bernard Shaw; some of the great Masters even (though not the German ones) have been involved. Composers in the past have always been denied the opportunity of being rude to the critics, publishers, conductors and even audiences who have ignored, tricked, manhandled and starved them, at least in their music. Outside it, were they to have no redress? Were there to be imitators, and yet no detractors? In France, at least, Berlioz had shown the way, and he was followed by two other composers, Debussy and Erik Satie.

The two men were friends; that much must be said. Satie attended Debussy's wedding, and paid him many another compliment, some rather back-handed. Debussy, for his part, frequently inscribed copies of his works, in tender terms, to Satie. When Debussy entertained his friend to dinner, it was his habit to offer him an inferior wine to that he was drinking himself; from the composer of "La Mer" Satie probably expected salt water.

Satie's wit was that of the *farceur* and *gigolo*, a brave face made at the world by someone who, temperamentally, was not of it. Debussy was more

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## APOLLO

respectable. He belonged to musical society. Yet his contempt for much of it was quite real, and quite sharp. Of the Paris Opera he remarked that "they continue to produce curious noises, which the people who pay call music, but there is no need to believe them implicitly." Nor does he respect composers and other Deities. Of Massenet he had to say that "Fortune, being a woman, ought to have treated him unkindly, and even on occasions have been unfaithful to him; and in this she did not fail." He also described Grieg as "looking from in front like a genial photographer; from behind his way of doing his hair made him look like the plants called sunflowers, dear to parrots and the gardens that decorate small country stations." No method is more suitable than this for the total deflation of a personality, but Debussy carries his ponderous irony into his criticism proper. On one occasion he went to a concert given under Nikisch. His reaction to that adventure was to "hope that God will forgive me for having gone back on my resolutions, and that others more fortunate paid homage to the grass generously spread by him for the reception of sausage skins and the logical development of idylls."

Satie was less interested in personalities and musical politics, being even more withdrawn than Debussy. His writings are fantastic, but they conceal a seer. "It is clear," he writes of some of his own music "that the Deflated, the Insignificant and the Puffed-up Ones will not appreciate these works. Let them swallow their beards!" The quotation shows the defensiveness of a neglected composer of genius at its most bombastic, but he has a better vein. "Last year," one article begins, "I gave several lectures on 'Intelligence and the Appreciation of Music amongst Animals.' Today I am going to speak to you about 'Intelligence and the Appreciation of Music amongst Critics.' The subject is very similar . . ." There are also jokes which have serious undertones, as when he mentions a piece scored for—2 flutes a piston in F sharp, 1 Alto Overcoat in C, 1 spring-lock in C, 2 slide-clarinets in G minor, 1 Siphon in C, 3 keyboard trombones in D minor and so forth, adding a note that "these instruments belong to the marvellous family of cephalophones, have a compass of thirty octaves and are absolutely unplayable. An amateur in Vienna (Austria) once tried to play the Siphon in C; after executing a trill the instrument burst, broke his spinal column and scalped him completely . . ." This is not sheer nonsense. It represents the purist's hatred of the huge orchestras then in vogue, particularly those of Wagner, against whom aesthetic Debussy also railed. Similarly, his mechanical absurdities (From the beginning of my career I have classed myself among the phonometrographers)

have to be judged in the shadow of such statements as that of a French Minister of Fine Arts, that "all the arts are daily being perfected. Mechanics especially is advancing fast and will soon bring you relief as regards performing on your instruments."

Debussy and Satie differed in their approaches; Debussy barked at institutions (such as the Prix de Rome, which he was awarded) less than Satie. But it is as well that the house of pure music should be able to put up a plaque, "Beware of the Dog."

**MUSIC PUBLISHING IN THE BRITISH ISLES:** A Dictionary of engravers, printers, publishers and music sellers, with an historical introduction by CHARLES HUMPHRIES and WILLIAM C. SMITH. Cassell. 63s.

This is an able and exhaustive book which will be of great value to collectors of early editions. It would seem completely to replace the only other work on the same subject, if only on the grounds that it fills in many of Kidson's lacunae.

The introduction, which surveys the great names of English music publishing, and their methods, from the first eight notes printed in 1495, to the middle of the last century, states some of the difficulties inherent in the work. It was not the custom to date printed works, as it was in literature. Moreover "in many cases it is quite impossible to say whether a publisher was his own printer or engraver . . .", a serious drawback in a dictionary of all who have taken part in the production and sale of printed music. But the authors have sifted through a lot of evidence, and they leave the reader with a feeling of confidence in their conclusions.

At first, of course, most printed music consisted of psalm and other liturgical books; even during the great period of the madrigalists, and under the patents granted to Tallis, Byrd and Morley, these predominate. Strangely enough, as the authors remark, it was not until the heyday of Puritanism in England that secular music began to sell in any great quantity; this was the age of the Playfords, widely cultured men who were, in a sense, the first professional music-sellers. Soon they were to be ousted, with their old-fashioned methods, by the sponsors of the engraved plate, such as Thomas Cross, an artist of no mean order. It was he who uttered on one of his song sheets the dire warning "Beware of ye nonsensical puncht ones", referring to a cheaper method which was then coming in.

Undoubtedly the popularity of Handel's music in the XVIIth century stimulated English music-sellers and the public demand for their wares. The publishing of music, particularly of large works, has always been a business full of risks, and the subscription method began to be adopted. Even then, from the figures given by Messrs. Humphries and Smith, no one did very well out of it, though they do quote a notice from the *Morning Herald*, in 1781, to the effect that composers of music in London would henceforth sell from their own houses, "because the music-shop keepers take so much advantage over the composers." One does not have to move very far amongst composers to hear the same cry today.



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## VANBRUGH

BY GEOFFREY WEBB

THE series of great houses built by Sir John Vanbrugh for the rich and great in the first quarter of the XVIIIth century has attracted the attention of critics and historians from time to time; first Sir Joshua Reynolds, then in the early XIXth century and most particularly in the last thirty years. In this latest period of critical study with the greatly increased knowledge of documents—letters, building accounts and drawings—a most interesting problem has come to the fore. Vanbrugh clearly worked over a period of years that included his most spectacular buildings in close collaboration with Nicholas Hawksmoor. Hawksmoor was a man of very different temperament from his colleague but they seemed to have worked together in friendship and loyalty and to have maintained a close relationship till the end of Vanbrugh's life in 1726—ten years before that of his partner. It is true that in the last ten years of Vanbrugh's life the association was less close than it had been; Hawksmoor lost his close connection with the Board of Works and was more continually occupied with the great series of parish churches in London (1715-23) and his works at Oxford, in both of which he appears as an entirely independent architect; but the association was maintained at Castle Howard and the friendship and respect remained until the end.

The problem of the collaboration of these two men, Vanbrugh, the well-connected soldier, successful dramatist and what the Americans would call "Club man" who suddenly appears as the architect and chief of such a prodigious building as Castle Howard, and Hawksmoor, son of a Nottinghamshire farmer who had worked as confidential clerk and later assistant to Sir Christopher Wren, is the theme of most of Mr. Whistler's book.\* Of Vanbrugh, Swift said:

"Van's genius without thought or lecture  
Is hugely turned to architecture."

Hawksmoor, with his long apprenticeship to Wren, is the second architect in English history who had been properly educated as such even by modern standards. At first glance the explanation of their successful partnership seems fairly easy. Vanbrugh gets the clients by his social connections and gifts. He impresses the great by the magnitude of his general ideas—possibly by the gift of the gab—and Hawksmoor pulls his chestnuts out of the fire for him. This is a much oversimplified summary of the point of view of Mr. Goodhart-Rendel in 1924 and to a considerable extent of Mr. Whistler in this book. Mr. Summerson, however, has seen that it is a much more complicated business than that. The effect of Hawksmoor on Vanbrugh may seem easy to guess at. The effect of Vanbrugh on Hawksmoor is much more difficult. That Vanbrugh contributed to the partnership the qualities suggested above is certain. One may guess that he strongly reinforced the French influence already prevalent at the Board of Works and almost certainly much of that picturesque romantic quality which seems to derive from the scenery of the opera or the heroic play as developed first in Italy and exploited also in France and England. In this connection it

seems significant that Vanbrugh was himself deeply engaged in the enterprise of establishing the Italian opera in London in the early years of the XVIIth century.

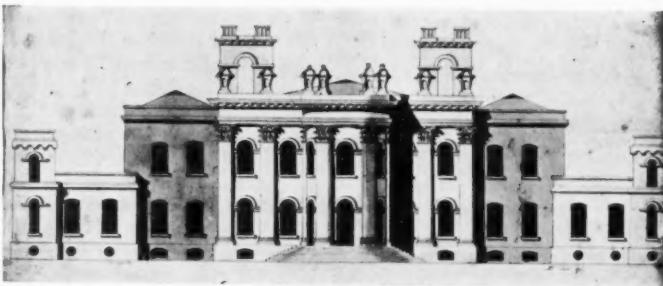
It is very easy to take an over-simplified view of the responsibility of any one man for the appearance of building if we judge by the standards of to-day when the architectural profession is elaborately organised with a code of professional conduct and a recognised position for the architect as between the client and builder. In the early XVIIth century the profession was in the course of establishing itself. Hawksmoor was exceptional in the specialism of his training. Architects were recruited from men whose bent was towards the theory of structure, the mathematics of architecture, as well as design, as in Wren's case, or towards administration—the organisation of a large building enterprise

—as well as the broad aspects of composition—as most likely in the case of Vanbrugh. All these interests were needed and still are, to make an architect and are often found in varying degrees in different partners in a modern office. Hawksmoor's personal contribution is difficult to assess; certainly it was based on motives to be found in Wren but with a new and intense interest in the exploitation

of mass and a romantic attachment to the achievements of Roman antiquity as he understood them, that is, not merely as the source of the orders and what they imply, but as a great source of inspiration for grandiose compositions in a "grand arcuated style in solid masonry" to quote Mr. Summerson. The most important factor informing and confirming this view of antiquity was Perrault's French edition of Vitruvius which we know Hawksmoor to have used. To these must be added an astonishing virtuosity in planning of which the house he designed in the 1690's at Easton Neston is an outstanding example. It seems likely that the ingenuity with which difficulties inherent in Vanbrugh's spreading romantic plans with their long impressive vistas down corridors—themselves an innovation at that time—have been not merely overcome but turned to great advantage, must owe much to Hawksmoor's gift as a planner.

These problems of apportioning the credit to one man or another may seem the pedantry of art historians—and so they are—but in this instance they have a special appeal because of the strange and contrasting temperaments of the two partners and the rare circumstance that we have enough buildings by both together and both separately, and enough documents and drawings, to make it possible to form a judgement on some real grounds, if not to solve the problem. Architectural history seems almost to be carried to a different level of interpretation in this case where something of the whole emotional and temperamental character of the artists can be appreciated, if not ultimately grasped.

Only a very cursory view of the three categories of buildings, the works of collaboration and the works of each man on his own, can be made here. Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace are the two best known of the first category and, it seems likely, at any rate the early designs of Eastbury in Dorset may be included with them. The final stages of Eastbury, Grimsthorpe and Seaton Delaval seem probably



Early drawing of Eastbury before the introduction of Italian motifs.

\* *The Imagination of Sir John Vanbrugh*. Lawrence Whistler. Art and Techniques. Batsford. 73s. 6d.

# ALBUM DE REDOUTÉ

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to be Vanbrugh's own. The London churches are certainly Hawksmoor by himself. It is interesting to notice that a change comes over the detail handling of Vanbrugh's houses in the period when Eastbury is being designed. Almost every architect or architectural partnership has a repertory of stock forms which he draws upon to produce new combinations according to need and this is certainly true of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor working together. Their repertory is largely French in origin and even when Italian or antique Roman seems often to have come to them through French sources. In the course of designing Eastbury more directly Italian motifs begin to appear as window dressings with entablatures above them, and even pediments, and the device of architraves around a door or window which is interrupted by block-like rustication, a motif which became very popular in the years which followed. (The best known examples are the side windows of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.) All these are in marked contrast to the very plain and massive window dressings usually found in the works of collaboration and in Hawksmoor's independent works. The most striking of all the Italian innovations is the Venetian window motif made up of a round-headed light between two square-headed ones. All these appear in Vanbrugh's work between, say, 1717-19, and the dates suggest that Hawksmoor's disappearance from the Board of Works in 1718 and/or his increasing pre-occupation elsewhere may help to account for the change. This is also the time when the first exponents of true Palladianism appear at the Board of Works, notably in the persons of Mr. Dubois and Colin Campbell. Dubois was the translator of Palladio for Leoni's edition. The presence of these men at the Board of Works may be a positive factor in the change.

Another aspect of Vanbrugh's style which does not appear so markedly in Hawksmoor's independent work is his pre-occupation with surface texture. At Castle Howard and Blenheim, the character of the stone-work is used to unify the different components of the design and to distinguish them from each other respectively. At Eastbury this device is much less in evidence, but at Seaton Delaval, Vanbrugh's last building, it is exploited as never before. It may be that the other buildings of his middle and later period, Kings Weston, Cholmondeley, Lumley Castle and Grimsthorpe, are much less varied in composition and therefore much less needing such a device. Kings Weston is a comparatively simple block plan and the others are remodellings of other buildings.

The foregoing speculations on the relations of these two remarkable men have been prompted by the main theme of Mr. Whistler's book which is largely concerned with Vanbrugh's relationship with his colleagues, architects, gardeners and masons, and endeavours to throw light on them by the examination of drawings that have come to light in the last few years. In addition, Mr. Whistler has discovered and published a considerable number of letters and other documents, many of which are of great interest to scholars. In general he is concerned to show here how much Vanbrugh was indebted to his collaborator on almost every side of his work. Among many notable features which make new contributions to our knowledge of Vanbrugh, perhaps the most important are the confirmation of the traditional attributions of Cholmondeley to Vanbrugh and the first attempt at a systematic treatment of Vanbrugh's smaller buildings and those in his manner.

Among the smaller buildings the most interesting are in the "Garden Suburb" Vanbrugh developed at the top of the hill above Greenwich. There he built a number of houses of varying sizes but all rather of the comfortable villa character. They are markedly picturesque in appearance and included a house for himself in a romantic castle taste. These seeming anticipations of XIXth-century developments are another evidence supporting Vanbrugh's claim to be the Father of Romantic Architecture in England.

The book is well produced and illustrated, but that two whole plates should be devoted to handsome reproductions of the author's engraved drinking glasses when not one of Hawksmoor's independent buildings is illustrated for comparative purposes is frankly beyond explanation.

## THE LIBRARY SHELF

FAIR GREECE SAD RELIC. By TERENCE SPENCER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 25s.

Reviewed by Victor Rienaecker

The sub-title of this book, "Literary Philhellenism from Shakespeare to Byron," indicates its scope. Its author is Lecturer in English Literature at London University, and he has written very engagingly from intimate personal experience of the soil of Greece and from a vast store of Hellenic literature. His scholarly study covers the three centuries preceding the romantic enthusiasm which greeted the Greek national revival in the XIXth century. "Philhellenism," the author explains, "is the name which, from the ancient Greek usage of *philhellén*, has been accepted in most European languages to describe that devotion to the welfare of Greece, and that faith in her future which was widespread among foreigners in the early nineteenth century."

The question which this book is calculated to raise is: Has the enormous debt which the civilised world owes to Greece been fully honoured by the modern nations? Professor Spencer has supplied us with a comprehensive amount of material, based largely upon a wide selection of the accounts of witnesses in their own words, to assist us in reaching our own conclusions.

Professor Spencer's original plan was based upon the part played by Byron and his contemporaries in the few decades preceding the National Revolution of 1821, but he soon discovered that Byron's opinions upon Greece really had deeper roots than just his personal experience during his residence and visits there between 1809 and 1811. Philhellenic opinion was really something which existed before the XIXth century and before the French Revolution; and he who would faithfully chronicle the part played by contemporary Greece in English literature would be compelled to start not in the XVIIth century, but in the XVIth, when the curtain, which had fallen with the Turkish conquest of Constantinople in 1453, became a little less impenetrable. After the fall of Constantinople in 1453 and the completion of the Turkish conquest of the Greek mainland in 1460, Greece disappeared entirely as a political entity in Christendom.

Mankind is prone to phases of degeneration, and the decline of Greece, though

regrettable, is explicable for certain inherent reasons. It was not, thinks Professor Spencer, altogether due to the Turkish yoke. The seeds of Greece's decay had been sown very much earlier. The Muses had left Greece for Rome, the poets declared, when Liberty was lost; and even if some of the sunset glow of literary splendour lingered on for a while during the years that followed the Roman domination of Greece, the full glory of classic brilliance had long faded.

Those of us to-day, with our deep reverence for the Greece of her great poets and philosophers and architects, hope that we may live to see "that interesting time when Greece shall be enabled to resume an independent place in the great family of Europe," of which *The Quarterly Review* wrote in July, 1814. Even though the modern Greek may concentrate his thought and energies upon the economic improvement and political advantage of his country, and forget the heroes of Marathon and the dignity of Periclean Athens, the modern countries of Europe will repudiate at their peril the great movement of the human spirit that inspired the epic story and triumphal splendour of classic Greece which became the spiritual heritage of Western culture.

150 YEARS OF ARTISTS' LITHOGRAPHS, 1803-1953. By FELIX H. MAN. Heinemann. 4 gns.

Reviewed by Philip James

As the title of this book implies, it is confined to lithography rather than as a by-product of the painter's studio than as a reproductive medium. It is not concerned with illustration, the poster or the book jacket. This is a chronicle of lithography existing in its own right for a century and a half and practised by nearly a hundred European artists, from Stothard to Sutherland, from Blake to Braque. It is primarily a picture-book, with over one hundred and thirty plates, of which thirteen are in colour; and the fact that the introduction amounts to only two dozen pages might suggest that this is yet one more volume for the amateurs who collect books on the fine arts. In fact, it would be difficult to find anywhere a more closely packed and well-documented history of the subject. Mr. Man has read widely in the literature of the subject, as is shown by the exhaustive bibliography which is a valuable addition for the student of this art. Thus

he has noted the very rare first book on lithography to be published in England—H. Banks' little pamphlet, published in 1813 at Bath, with lithographs by Thomas Barker of Bath. The British Museum has only the second edition, published in 1816, and so far only three copies are known to the present writer—those in the libraries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Bristol and Bath. Is, perhaps, the importance of the city of Bath in connection with the introduction of lithography into this country due to the availability of a porous stone similar to the limestone from Solenhofen used by Senefelder, the inventor of lithography? Among the plates there are a number of surprises, even for those who can count themselves fairly familiar with the subject. There are, for instance, the "Four Portraits on one Stone" (1815) by Ingres; the splendid "Sheet with Twelve Antique Medals," by Delacroix, drawn in 1825, but not published till 1864; and a unique first state of Bewick's only lithograph, "The Cadger's Trot (1823). Coming up to more recent times, we find two little-known but admirable subjects by Sickert, who did not have much use for lithography.

The colour plates are confined to the reproduction of modern work from the time of Toulouse-Lautrec, than whom there has never been a finer lithographer. It would, perhaps, have been interesting to make a colour plate of one of the architectural subjects of Thomas Shotter Boys, whom Mr. Man dismisses a little abruptly. But his plates printed in colour were far in advance of their time, when all colour work was done by hand.

Anyone can always discover what he believes to be important omissions in a book of this kind. It is exceptionally hard to catch Mr. Man out. For the sake of completeness, one of the nine lithographs made by Van Gogh might have been shown; and, although the standard is on an international level, a few more of our artists might have been included, for we have a number of very able lithographers who are taking part in the welcome revival of the past decade. My candidates would be John Piper, Ceri Richards and Victor Pasmore.

However, these are trifling criticisms of a valuable and excellently produced book which should find its way to every art school and public library. It will be coveted by many who cannot afford four guineas.

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UTRILLO. Text by ALFRED WERNER. Collectors' Edition. Thames and Hudson, 25s. each.

Reviewed by Jon Wynne-Tyson

A full-colour reproduction as sold in many galleries and by publishers of greetings cards costs the purchaser a pretty twelve pennies or more. If only from the point of view of value for money, therefore, we must welcome a pleasingly produced book of sixteen excellent reproductions of paintings when it is offered with descriptive text for no more than twenty-five shillings.

In this new and exciting series of collectors' editions, the works of Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani, Manet, Utrillo, Renoir, Van Gogh and a selection of Italian paintings are already available. In the near future we are promised Gauguin, Rouault, Picasso, Rembrandt, Rubens, and some Dutch painters.

The average size of the plates is 10½ in. by 8 in., and the quality of the reproductions is generally high. Criticism can only fairly be directed at the selection made.

Due, one assumes, to a modest desire to display the extent of America's support of European culture, all but one of Utrillo's works included in this series are in American private and public collections.

Utrillo's "Windmills of Montmartre" was an admirable choice for the front cover, and inside there are such pleasantly varied paintings as "The Sacré-Cœur and Passage Cottin," the 1925 "Street Scene," of a vitality and unexpected gaiety that is only marred by the lumpish inelegance of its female figures, the exquisitely coloured "Berlioz House," the famous study of Chartres Cathedral, and the delightful impression of Renoir's garden painted in 1910. One can only cavil, perhaps, at the first plate in the book, which is the "Pont Neuf" painted about 1908. The artist took much more than the famous bridge into account, and his overloaded and over-excitable canvas is flat and improbable seen at second hand, reduced in size, and under the enforced disadvantage of proximity.

Utrillo has enjoyed greater success in his lifetime than did Sisley, whose less publicised life doubtless helped to curtail public admiration until death permitted rediscovery, yet he might have been expected to enjoy even more acclaim were he not one of the later sons of Impressionism. The present volume does his work justice, and it is to be hoped that a number of other artists of the same *genre* will soon appear among the distinguished company already enlisted in this fine new series.

IRISH BOOKBINDINGS, 1600-1800. By MAURICE CRAIG. Cassell, London, 1954. 5 gns. net.

Reviewed by Geoffrey W. Beard

Mr. Craig's knowledge of Dublin has recently been demonstrated in an admirable survey; he now explores an attractive by-way of Irish craftsmanship in the form of elegant book-bindings. The word "explores" is used advisedly, for the saddest fact which emerges from Mr.

Craig's lucid marshalling of relevant data is that much that Ireland produced, later troubles in that country were to eliminate.

How tragic it is for us to note that the beautiful 1747 *Commons Journal* (colour frontispiece to Mr. Craig's survey) was destroyed with so much else in 1922. The author by patient research has been able to reconstruct some of the richest examples by using rubbings made by Sir Edward Sullivan (who had planned a similar study about 1904), and by examining the holdings of many libraries and booksellers. He gives an introductory essay on stylistic trends, attempts a location list of "noteworthy" Irish bindings, and even more difficult, a list of bindings which have been published in various catalogues and books. With explanatory notes and a bibliography we are almost complete. At the end we have the excellent plates, some fifty-eight exquisite examples.

The book is handsomely produced throughout and is a fine tribute to the bindings it describes. One suspects that an enlightened publisher in the person of Mr. Desmond Flower—who is thanked by the author—was determined that this exact research should be given to the world and so bring to fruition a plan to which so many hands gave at varying times both assistance and a full measure of vandalism. It is to be hoped that Mr. Craig, whose book is based on a study of the bindings themselves, will pursue the "documentary end" which he tantalisingly mentions and on which he says "much work still remains to be done." It has been shown in this book that he should be the only chronicler.

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JOHN MURRAY

## THE LIBRARY SHELF

**THE LOST VILLAGES OF ENGLAND.** By Maurice Beresford. Lutterworth Press. 45s. *Reviewed by Gladys Scott Thomson*

The fascination of the uncovering of some secret of man's previous way of living, his former habitations, something lost for us to find, whether it be beyond the Euphrates or at Skara Brae in what was once the *Ultima Thule*, is always there. Mr. Beresford, working within the so-to-speak home precincts, has turned his attention to a particular group of lost villages in certain English counties. The adjective particular is used advisedly, since, although Mr. Beresford's title implies a general approach to the problem, his is in fact a special one. He is concerned almost exclusively with the village that disappeared as the result of depopulation, mainly on account of the transition from agriculture to sheep farming. That is to say, taking his dates, roughly speaking a period covering from the middle of the XIVth century to the close of the XVIth. His is, too, very largely a personal approach. What he has to say is made all the more vivid on that account. He has walked over the ground under which lies the material evidence for the past. He has dug, with his colleagues, to find that evidence. Here at once is ample illustration, if such be needed, of the extension of knowledge made possible by the advance of science applied to geography and archaeology. That advance can bring about disconcerting results, as all those acquainted with the story of the Piltdown man are ruefully aware. More often, happily, previous knowledge is endorsed,

advanced and made more certain. Throughout his book Mr. Beresford shows very plainly what may be accomplished, what he and his colleagues accomplished, by new methods of survey, by more scientific ways of digging and, last but not least, through evidence obtained from photography, more especially air photography, in the way of uncovering evidence for villages whose existence was formerly at the best only suspected, and in many cases not even suspected at all. One need only turn to Mr. Beresford's chapter ten to see what has been done in various counties; that is to say, sites of lost villages identified, listed, and to the lists added some valuable remarks and notes. That chapter should prove invaluable to students of Mr. Beresford's ilk. It should also encourage them to go on looking. The value of this chapter, as indeed that of the entire book, is greatly augmented by the admirable photographs. These include, among the other specimens of air photography, the site of the former settlement of Gainthorpe in Lincolnshire. It lies four hundred yards west of the Ermine Street. It was photographed from the air by O. G. S. Crawford and was the first abandoned village to be so recorded. The significance of other specimens of air photography, such as the site of Whatborough in Leicestershire and the shrunken village in Faxton in Northamptonshire and Cosford in Warwickshire, is enhanced by the very useful remarks and explanations attached.

It is hoped that enough has been said to show the importance of this book for students, particularly those who would

reinforce their examination of social and economic phenomena by field work. It is very definitely a book for them rather than for the general reader, although the instructed amateur, and there are many such in this particular field, should find in it both pleasure and profit. Some will object to Mr. Beresford's arrangement of his material, particularly perhaps to the passing from the personal to the impersonal and so back again. But every writer must be allowed to follow his own bent and Mr. Beresford has very courteously given the reader reasons for the particular method he has adopted.

Another criticism must perforce be made; and it is of importance for the student. The factual part of Mr. Beresford's work is admirable, although it is as well to remember that, as was said a little way back, he is only dealing with one special aspect of the phenomena of buried habitations. But further it must be emphasised that the conclusions he draws from the work done are a little too easily based on the assumption that the deserted and afterwards the lost village was the inevitable outcome of greed, arrogance and general lack of ethics on the part of the landlord or lords seeking profit for themselves or himself. There is more to be taken into consideration than this. But a short review is no place for such arguments. What is useful to remember is that one of the most poignant historical vignettes of "the dispossessed," that given in Virgil's first Eclogue, has, short as it is, afforded material for many scholarly conclusions, each appearing entirely convincing until the next contradictory one is read.

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The exclusion of drama (to be treated elsewhere) has allowed literary development in the sixteenth century to be discussed more fully. The great medieval literature of Scotland and the work of Sidney, Spenser and Hooker naturally provide the highlights, but the writings of More and Tyndale are re-valued and the work of many lesser-known authors is assessed. 50s. net. Ready September 16.

OXFORD  
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SLOVAK FOLK ART. Edited by RUDOLF MRLIAN. Artia. (Rosenberg, London.) 57s. 6d.

Reviewed by Jon Wynne-Tyson

This survey of Slovak architecture, costumes and embroideries consists of some 300 photographs, including thirty-one coloured plates, accompanied by descriptive captions, and is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a field we are given few opportunities to examine. Its chief value lies in the reproductions of lace work and embroidery which comprise the bulk of the book, and include many superlative examples of both simple and intricate designs which should prove a source of considerable inspiration to those in any way engaged in teaching or practising in this sphere. The captions include details of the stitches employed, measurements, etcetera.

The introduction, which is concerned largely with tilting at the windmills of the bourgeoisie, is humourless and a bore, although it must be admitted that the allegations of Western culture's debasement and vitiation of folk art have foundation; but apart from this rather hysterical and incongruous prelude, which would be better suited to a pamphlet or a wall, there is no other example of poor taste in the book, although it is noteworthy that no reproduction of religious art is included, Jánosik the Brigand being the latest central figure for workers in stained glass and scriptural themes from the New Apocrypha.

But the relevant material makes this book a production one would like to see in the libraries of all schools and technical

colleges, since the work it portrays has a veracity and lack of affectation that is much needed in our world of strangely confused artistic values.

CERAMIC SCULPTURE. By JOHN B. KENNY. Pitman. 35s.

Reviewed by M. Scott Jones

Mr. John B. Kenny, the American potter, has followed up his excellent work *The Complete Book of Pottery Making* with this second, and companion volume, on ceramic sculpture. Like the first book, this one also has the unusual feature of many bold step by step illustrations of processes which will be particularly helpful to beginners in this fascinating art. The book is subtitled "Methods and Processes," and it is not beginners only but every practising ceramic sculptor who will find its detailed and comprehensive information of great value.

*Ceramic Sculpture* is complete in itself. It is therefore inevitable that any reader of it who already possesses Mr. Kenny's first book will find much repeated information on such matters as the composition of clays, slips and glazes, and the effects to be obtained from these materials, as well as notes on hand modelled pottery. The chapter on kilns has the added information of full instructions for the making of a small sectional electric kiln of the kind particularly suitable for the firing of figures and other delicate forms.

Nevertheless, much of the material in this second book is new; and, in particular, the chapters on sculpting and modelling techniques alone make it a book well worth possessing for all but the potter whose work is strictly limited to thrown pots.

Among the other interesting and often amusing ideas which are fully treated are ceramic sculpture for the garden, ceramic jewellery, figure jugs, chessmen and figures thrown on the wheel.

The book is essentially one for the practising ceramic sculptor. Since its emphasis is so definitely practical, a word of praise should be given to the lucidity of Mr. Kenny's explanations and to the many clear illustrations. Finally, both the potter who is not himself a ceramic sculptor and the person who is a lover, not a maker, of pottery can learn much from this book to further his understanding of one of the oldest and most beautiful of man's arts or crafts.

THE ELLESmere COLLECTION OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS. Published by the Museums and Art Gallery, Leicester. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by Oliver Warner

This catalogue is one of the happier results of the dispersal of the great collection of old master drawings made by Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830), a man who, both as a painter and connoisseur, seems to be gaining in the respect of posterity with succeeding generations. On Lawrence's death, his drawings, which then represented possibly the finest collection in the world, were offered on generous terms to the nation. The chance was bungled, and instead of surviving intact, the mass was dispersed. Ultimately many of the best were acquired by the British Museum and the Ashmolean; and of the private cabinets which were enriched, that of the first Lord Ellesmere,

which remains in the possession of the family, obtained sixty-nine drawings by the Carracci. It is through this fact that, together with the larger collections at Windsor and the Louvre, the Ellesmere drawings are one of the main sources for the study of the three masters, Lodovico (1555-1619), Agostino (1557-1602) and Annibale (1560-1609). Lord Ellesmere having generously loaned his Carracci collection, along with certain other drawings, to the Leicester Art Gallery, it has been possible for a comprehensive catalogue to be compiled.

Mr. Tomory, who contributes the introduction, describes the Carracci as "artists' artists," and points out that, having enjoyed two centuries of admiration and emulation, their work was set aside and forgotten, only to be taken up again with extreme interest during the past fifteen years. It is as difficult to see the reason for the neglect as to agree that the Carracci are first and foremost of interest to other artists. It is true indeed that the spectator is as it were admitted behind the scenes into the artists' atelier, but in these tireless studies from life, which did so much to influence the art of Rubens, the student and practitioner of art will alike find constant pleasure.

ART AND ANTIQUE RESTORERS' HANDBOOK. By GEORGE SAVAGE. Rockcliff. 15s.

Reviewed by C. Irbe

Mr. George Savage, in his latest book, has launched an argosy of treasure into the realms of Art and the Beautiful; a treasure garnered from the Seven Seas of experience and wisdom.

His book, the *Art Restorers' Handbook*, is a valuable and comprehensive collection of materials, formulae both old and new, proving useful to all who would wish to preserve and restore the antique. He has been at great pains to sift such extraneous matter and present only what is applicable to restoration and preservation. As a further addition to his sound advice, there is to be found in classified order a full description of media and their uses and application to the work of restoration and preservation.

This work covers an extensive field, both from the repair of damaged furniture to the fractured and broken ceramics. Mr. Savage has added much information to the hitherto known formulae, and for certain mediums has brought the materials used in repair work up to date and assisted by a very generous lay knowledge of chemical research. Many of the pundits in the restoration world could usefully employ much of this work and include it on their bookshelf as hand reference and reminder.

Even on glancing through the "A" only, the student will have acquired a knowledge of materials, to mention one or two—Ambyona Wood, Alkanet, Alabaster, Aqua Fortis—and to take the concluding letter in the alphabet the reader will learn about Zebra Wood, such is this mine of information. This book is a reference that should not only be read but studied. It is a satisfying larder of knowledge and should appease the most voracious of appetites. Mr. Savage has filled a great necessity and gives the answer to hundreds of queries that present themselves to the collector and lover of the antique.

## THE LIBRARY SHELF

ENGLISH SCULPTURES OF THE XIITH CENTURY. By F. SAXL. Faber & Faber 50s.

Reviewed by John Beckwith

The premature death of Professor Saxl in 1948 deprived this country of a distinguished scholar and of a life-force in the study of art-history. He combined with his erudition a brilliance of wit and a warmth of enthusiasm which was unrivalled in Europe, and the very suddenness of his death could not fail to make immediately clear the extent of our loss. He published comparatively little, and for this reason alone those who knew him will be eager to possess this book, which brings forward a short paper on certain English seals, and a lecture on sculptures at York, Chichester, and Lincoln, the last to be given before he died. For those whose misfortune it is never to have met him, and for any student of art, this little book is something of a necessity; here they will find some echo of the depth of learning, the lightness of touch, and the awareness of essentials so characteristic of this remarkable man.

It was not Saxl's intention to give a historical survey of XIith-century English sculpture; he wished much more to awaken interest in the finest of the monuments which have survived time and the Puritans, as to revive a sense of their beauty. It was typical of him that his own interest should light upon the seals, a class of relief which had been almost entirely neglected by previous historians, and his stylistic analysis is a model of its kind. On the other hand, when discussing the monuments' sculptures, he left aside a great number of Romanesque stone carvings still preserved, "interesting, expressive, and amusing" though they may be, because they were rustic and provincial work. His aim was to isolate the best and to underline the significance of the English contribution to Romanesque sculpture; consequently, the carvings at Rochester Cathedral, which Saxl considered to have too marked a French accent, were also omitted. Some idea of the kind of approach Saxl liked to make towards the sculptures that interested him may perhaps be gathered from a quotation from his comments on the reliefs at Chichester . . . "The Chichester reliefs, and especially that of the great master which represents Christ and the sisters of Lazarus, are so impressive because they are not drawings translated into stone—unlike the York Virgin which could in many respects be so regarded—but they are the work of an outstanding sculptor—mind wrestling with the problem of the representation of the three-dimensional figure within the frame of the flat relief. He must have seen and touched the world with eyes and hands different from those of his predecessors. Everywhere he discovered the formidable, heavy strength of living matter, and when he was asked to represent the holy world of the Gospels he transformed the traditional hieratic schemes into something that was as real to the eye and to the touch as the world which he had discovered, and yet as great and solemn as the acts of God."

The lectures have been extended to discuss sculptures at Malmesbury, Durham, York, Kelloe, and Worcester, upon which Saxl had been working some time before his death, and they have been

carefully annotated by Dr. Hanns Swarzenski. Mr. Otto Fein, of the Warburg Institute, has contributed a series of photographs which, often taken under hazardous conditions, are of particular quality.

DEGAS. Text by DANIEL CATTON RICH. Thames and Hudson. £5.

Reviewed by Mary Seaton

Those who saw the Degas oils, pastels and bronzes exhibited at the Edinburgh Festival in 1952, and in London afterwards, were impressed by the extraordinary vigour of the pictures executed in the artist's middle and later years. This strength of drawing, combined with an increased brilliance of colour and originality in composition, sprang from a ceaseless experimentation with untried ideas. From the Neo-Classical draughtsman of his youthful years developed the master of design and fluid grace who filled his pictures of the ballet, the racecourse, the evening hour in Paris, with lightness, buoyancy and charm. Later, he was to draw the figure with amazing realism—the human figure with its infinite variety of gesture and movement. Powerful studies, these, set down with almost sculptural force.

A collection verging on the size of the Exhibition has been made in this book on Degas. The reproductions have charm and excitement, for the colours are exceptionally good in their fidelity, and the luminous quality and rich glow of the pigment or pastel are there, so to speak. The subtle building up of colour where layer lies upon layer may not always be perceptible, nor is it possible in the pastels to see where the paper itself has been made to supply areas of colour. But these are minor deficiencies where there are innumerable joys.

The text is by Daniel Catton Rich, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, who writes a Preface and annotates each plate with a clarity that fixes his points immediately in the mind. All is clearly expressed, simply set down, well arranged.

Mr. Rich stresses the importance of Degas's first influences. Born in Paris in 1834, of wealthy parents, Edgar-Hilaire-Germain De Gas left conventional family surroundings for a life of the studios. He learned from Ingres a perfection of line which he never abandoned. He also made copies of the XVth-century masters, and studied Mantegna, Dürer and Rembrandt. These lessons he never forgot. Soon afterwards he travelled to Italy, opening his eyes wide to art, then settled in Paris amidst the moving spectacle of life that he came so exquisitely to express. He exhibited with the Impressionists, who seized sensations straight from Nature, but unlike them believed that Nature should be controlled and refined. Always his pictures had a design, a rhythm, or even a pattern related to the Japanese colour print, behind their seeming naturalness.

Thirty-seven of the colour reproductions are taken from originals in the United States. There is pleasure in coming across so many that one has never seen before. Each one is given its date, and the progress of Degas's work can be followed through to the final stage, where the XIXth-century artist is near to becoming a creator of abstract form and design in the modern tradition.

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## APOLLO

**THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE.** By C. & A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS. Cape. 16s.

*Reviewed by A. Knott*

A book by C. and A. Williams-Ellis is likely to be knowledgeable and entertaining, and *The Pleasures of Architecture* is no exception to this rule.

First published thirty years ago there have since been second and third impressions and a re-issue in the "Life and Letters" series (1930). In this new edition the authors have brought their subject up to date by amending and revising much of the original text and adding two entirely new chapters. In the authors' words the purpose of this book is "to introduce the layman to the pleasures of architecture in general," a mission which it admirably achieves. No doubt many architects as well as laymen will be amongst its readers.

It is pointed out that architecture, unlike other arts, cannot be evaded, and good, bad or indifferent has more often than not to be endured for a long time. It is of great importance, therefore, that people should be induced to take a critical interest in the buildings in which they live, work and seek recreation, both spiritual and material, especially as "the common man," through his elected representatives in national and local government, is to-day more than ever before the patron and client of the architect.

Consideration of the "building in its setting" has been given greater prominence than in the original edition, as the authors believe that the emphasis given to planning on a national scale which has taken place since the war and the creation of the "New Towns" has awakened public interest in this direction.

There is a delightful chapter entitled "Twenty-Two Architects," containing interesting and amusing information about great architectural figures of the past and a number of character sketches of imaginary architectural personalities of the last two generations.

A special plea is made for including instruction in the art of architecture in school curriculums, and suggestions are made as to how this might be done. The authors believe that, to a large extent, the future of architecture as an art lies with its new patrons (the general public). They believe also that given enlightened patronage, as in the case of the "South Bank," the "Lansbury Housing Estate, Poplar," and many new schools, and taking

into consideration the difficulties of the post-war years, there is much for which to be thankful and considerable hope for the future.

An illustrated appendix showing what a small town house can be like seems to be slightly out of place in the new edition. Twenty-six photographs are grouped together at the end of the book and as these are not constantly referred to in the text this arrangement does not seem to be inconvenient.

It is to be hoped that this edition of *The Pleasures of Architecture* will have as wide a circulation as it deserves.

**THEY CAME WITH THE CONQUEROR.** By L. G. PINE. Evans Bros., Ltd. 21s.

*Reviewed by H. T. Kirby*

The attraction of a Norman ancestry has always puzzled us. Assuming we were ever successfully invaded by the Russians would our successors be equally anxious to claim a Soviet pedigree? Logically, of course, they should find similar pride in such a claim. No! although we might have felt some deep satisfaction in Saxon descent, it is difficult to understand any enthusiasm about springing from one of William's curiously assorted companions.

Having said this it must be set down that Mr. Pine is, perhaps more than anyone else, qualified to write on the theme suggested by the book's title. Not only does he write with an easy style, but he has all the encyclopaedic knowledge born of one so closely associated with the monumental "Burke"; indeed, all the mysteries of genealogical research are as second nature to him. Authorities such as Round, Freeman and others have long derided many of the well-known claims to Norman descent, and Mr. Pine is equally forthright in dismissing doubtful ones. But he does, in a most engaging way, take us into his confidence, and explain in non-technical language why certain claims cannot be sustained. He deals with the matter in most orderly fashion, taking Norman dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts and barons in proper sequence, and so on to mere gentry. Apart, too, from England, he deals with the situation in Wales, Scotland and Ireland; yes, and even America too!

Many illustrations enliven the work, and though these are of unequal merit, they are much helped out by the little

wood-cuts, which—as head and tail pieces—adorn the printed page most delightfully. Several appendices, a useful index and an adequate bibliography are welcome additions; these will be especially appreciated by the student, to whom quick reference is a desirable asset. We were not attracted to the frontispiece (of William the Conqueror) the colour of which seemed harsh and repellent, but the dust-jacket—on which part of the Bayeux Tapestry is pictured—is wholly admirable.

**CHATS ON OLD GLASS.** By R. A. ROBERTSON. London, Ernest Benn, Ltd. (1954). 180 pp. and 46 pls. 12s. 6d.

*Reviewed by R. J. Charleston*

This new recruit to the ranks of the Chats Series is smartly enough turned out, with quite a panoply of plates, and is ambitious. In twelve chapters the aspiring collector is hustled from Ancient Egypt to modern times, and may well be breathless at the end of his conducted tour. One may wonder just how welcome such a wide sweep is likely to be in a practical handbook for the collector. On the other hand, breadth of outlook should perhaps be taken as a sign of grace in the world of collecting.

The book is not free from errors—some of them palpable—but an exacting standard of scholarship is not to be expected in a work of this character. Chats are not, after all, professorial discourses. More disagreeable than an occasional slip is the impression one gains as one reads the book that a phrase or a sentiment is vaguely familiar (e.g., of Mansell, ". . . it had never entered his head to treat his 'servants' with anything more conciliatory than the manners of the quarter-deck . . .": compare W. A. Thorpe's "Mansell . . . was now aware that gaffers must be paid, coaxed, respected, and that a glasshouse is not to be conducted by the methods of a quarter-deck.") This necessarily implies that the sources of information have not been left far enough behind for their flavour to be imperceptible. The author has not quite made the subject his own.

The illustrations are of surprisingly good quality in a book of this price, and although there are many old friends amongst the pieces depicted, there are also a number from the Edinburgh Museums of which one is glad to see pictures.

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# The Art of Good Living

## RHENISH

THE title of this article is one of the many English words which have been allowed to go out of use for no good reason, but only through idleness and inattention. All the wines which come from the great basin of the Rhine and its tributaries have identical features and are recognisably members of the same family. They were called Rhenish in Falstaff's day, and should be called so now. Alsatians, Moselles, and Hocks differ very slightly from each other, and a common name is needed. (Because we need one so badly, we often inaccurately use "hock" as a common name; it really refers only to wines from the middle Rhine, but people ask for hock when they mean any Rhenish wine.)

The common features which all these wines have are these. They are all white—the red wines which come from four small places in this area are only curiosities, barely worth drinking. They are bottled in these long graceful bottles which cheat you of half a glass. They have an individual taste which, once you know it, you can never mistake. It is quite possible for someone inexperienced to confuse a claret with a burgundy or either of those with a Rhone wine. But only the dullest and most unperceptive drinker will mistake a French white wine for a Rhenish wine once he has drunk the latter, say, twice. They also have an inordinately strong and delightful perfume (that is, the good wines have) which is like a bouquet of flowers. Curiously enough, like flower-scent, this bouquet doesn't last. You can sniff it away. The first glasses are tremendous, almost over-powering, but then your nose gets tired. At the end of the bottle you hardly notice it. Compare this with the bouquet of a claret, which starts small and then grows stronger. That is why they say: "The first glass of hock is the best; the last glass of claret is the best."

Another characteristic that Rhenish has is that it is best drunk young. In the late Middle Ages, I have read, hock was kept for twenty years in cask; goodness knows what it tasted like. Anyway, nowadays most Rhenish loses its brilliance in a very few years. There are some very strong, gorgeous wines that are long-lived; but they are exceptions: 1949, that fabulous year, is already more than ready for drinking; 1950 is rapidly vanishing down the throats of the well-informed; 1952 is in excellent condition for you now. Very soon after this is printed you will be offered the 1953's, and if you will take my advice you will buy them. The wine is not, generally speaking, likely to be as superb as the 1949 vintage (but it will be many years before we see such a wine—we had to wait 28 years for that one); it is rather more patchy because there was a lack of moisture in some of the vineyards high up on the hillside. But in the lower vineyards the wine is excellent, especially in the Rheingau and Alsace.

At this point, speaking about Alsatian wines, I feel that I must make a sort of recantation. I have called them thin and spinsterish in the past. Well, there are thin Alsatians, but recently I have tasted specimens which for roundness

BY RAYMOND POSTGATE

and fullness could be beaten by no other white wines. I have drunk a Muscat of 1952 which was very elegant and a 1949 Traminer which was, quite simply, a great wine. I understand that the 1953 Alsatians are nearly all very large and full wines and, quality for quality, will be cheaper than their rivals down the river. Indeed, the only complaint I still have about Alsatians is that they are not named by their villages of origin, like the Niersteiners and Nackenheimer, but by the grape from which they are made—Sylvaner, Riesling, Traminer, Gewurtz-traminer and so on. Now the grape is only one of the factors which make a wine good or bad and by no means the most important factor. It is this that makes an Alsatian label an inadequate guide to the casual purchaser. The Traminer and Gewurtz-traminer vines are, perhaps, more distinctive than the others; but on the whole it is wisest to decide on a shipper or merchant whom you trust and buy on his name, not on the label.

The same vines are grown further north as you go from France into Germany (though the Traminer is rarer), but the wines show a greater variety. The next great group is the Palatinate wines, some way away from the left bank. Durkheim, Forst, Deidesheim, Kallstadt and Ruppertsberg are among the most famous names. They are mostly full wines and (usually) rather sweet. Further along, still on the left bank, is the Rheinhesse district, from which comes most of the hock which we know well: Oppenheim, Nierstein, Nackenheim, Laubenheim and so on. When you pass Mainz the Rhine makes a huge left turn and flows almost due west for miles; you will then see on your right hand the fields of the Rheingau, where, it is usually considered, the very best hocks are made. Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Johannisberg, Hallgarten, Steinberg, Marcobrunn—

all famous names, and there are others.

It is not enough, however, here or on the Moselle, to know famous names. All the better bottles have other and more mysterious words upon them, and since these wines are both delicate and dear, it is worth while memorizing the meaning of the commoner phrases. They mostly turn upon the fact that the splendid bouquet and taste of Rhenish depends upon the inclusion of over-ripe grapes. This discovery was made by accident: in 1775 the Bishop of Fulda, the absentee landlord of the Johannisberg area, through malice, drunkenness, or indolence refused to allow the peasants to harvest the grapes until they had gone bad. To their surprise, the juice pressed from the rotting mass made a finer wine than had ever been seen in the area. Well, the descriptions that you find upon the labels have a direct reference to the degree of over-ripeness of the grapes used in the wine. "Nobly rotten" is the rather pompous name of their condition. Thus, *Spatlese* means a wine made from late gathered grapes. *Auslese* means a wine from selected bunches of grapes. *Beerenauslese* means wine from selected individual grapes. *Goldbeerenauslese* means each grape was



Testing a hock for clarity in the Deinhard cellars in Coblenz.

## APOLLO

ripe enough to be a golden colour; *Trockenbeerenauslese* that each grape was so over-ripe as to be almost dry and raisin-like. The last-named wines will be most flavoury, full, sweet—and expensive.

Traditionally, hocks are matured most often in great casks of the oval shape which can be seen in the photographs accompanying this article. It is a very odd practice, and I have been given no sensible answer when I have asked for the reason. The casks cannot be rolled, or indeed moved at all without great difficulty, and it requires a distinctly more skilled cooper to make barrels of this curious shape. Some of the barrels are of great age and have curious, Bacchic carvings on their faces.

## Moselle Wine

The same classifications apply to the wines of the Moselle, which this year I saw for the first time in my life. It must be among the most beautiful of rivers; it certainly is one of the strangest. It winds slowly and tightly from France by Luxembourg into the Rhine at Coblenz. About 1600 years ago the Roman poet Ausonius wrote a poem about it, in which he said

*Quis color ille vadis, seras cum propulit umbras  
Hesperus et viridi perfudit monte Mosellam !  
Tota natant crispis iuga motibus, et tremit absens  
pampus et vitreis vindemia turgent in undis.*

Now this, I said, is the most false and dusty study-poetry, for it says what cannot be true : "What a colour is the water, when the evening has thrown late shadows and poured the green hillside into the Moselle ! All the mountain tops swim in the quivering water, the absent vine trembles, and the grapes swell in the glassy water." But, to confound me, the hills are so steep and rise so suddenly from the still waterside

that you *can* see the individual vines and grapes in the water, and their reflections do quaver in its glassy face. Ausonius had actually seen what I was looking at. Probably, too, he had drunk the wine I was going to drink, for the difference between wines to-day and classical wines appears to have been in wines over three years old ; and I was to be offered 1952 Moselle.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Deinhard, I clambered up into the vineyards of the famous Bernkasteler Doktor, of which they own about half. The soil is not only on a precipitous slope; it is the loosest, driest, most worthless, broken-up slate, of all things. It is a kind of miserable shale, such as you find round the blasted remains of a disused Welsh quarry. It slides down on the least provocation and has to be padded up with peat. The vines are driven deep in, and each is tied to a post, on which it is cut and trained into two extraordinary elastic loops, converging on each other and making a sort of heart-shape. Work on it as you may imagine is extremely difficult, and expensive. It is also more frequently useless than in any other vineyards, for the Moselle is so far north that the crops are killed by frost more often than anywhere else in the world.

When the women harvest it they are encouraged to sing. No, this is not just *Gemütlichkeit*. It's much more difficult when you're singing to eat those infinitely precious grapes.

The steamer passed little town after little town, undamaged still and all looking like illustrations from the Brothers Grimm. Almost each one was the name of a famous and perfumed wine. Trittenheim, Dhron, Piesport, Brauneberg, Berncastel, Graach, Wehlen, Zeltingen, Uerzig . . . I could go on up to twenty at least.



## THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

### FUNGI WITH A FLAVOUR

By MARGARET LOVELL RENWICK

"Not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing!" Field mushrooms Mr. Jingle meant; and whether they are picked in some near-by meadow on an autumn morning or commercially grown on a mushroom-bed in cellarage, capital things they are, no matter how you have them cooked. Washed, delicately wiped, topped with a speck of bacon-fat, browned for a few minutes on a grill, turned, given a tiny filling of chopped shallots, parsley and rosemary, a touch of pepper and salt, a drop of vinegar, and grilled again for a minute or so, they can be very piquant.

Nor are they our only safe and savoury fungi. Bistre-capped blewits, Staffordshire's Blue Leg, Nottinghamshire's Blue Stocking, Norfolk's Blue Stalk, with their fruity taste, are most palatable, though in Devonshire thought poisonous and called Brown Toad. Midlanders stew them gently for half an hour in a little butter, with onions and sweet marjoram, thicken with cornflour and more butter, stew again for half an hour and dish up with mashed potatoes and apple sauce. Blewits are now being grown for commerce, as North-country firms buy masses of them for making a blue dye.

The rest of our thirty or so edible fungi are not to be bought, but must be looked for in their own haunts—parasol (for grilling) in firwoods, shaggy cap or lawyer's wig (for use *au gratin*) in groups on rubbish heaps grassed over, morel (for omelettes) singly near old apple trees, at the foot of ash, elm or poplar and now on bombed sites.

The Caesars' bolet, which wealthy Romans offered only to guests much honoured, grows in Mediterranean pine-woods, never in ours. Nor does the bolet Negrohead darken our pastures—the black *champignon polonais* which French gourmets were taught to relish by the suite of Stanislaus Leszinski, when (1709) that poor young King of Poland took refuge in fungus-loving Lorraine. But we do find, growing in our beechwoods especially, the finest bolet of all, *Boletus edulis*, chief ingredient of that famous dish, *cèpes à la Bordelaise*.

The cep is ugly—a lump of a fungus with a thick cap, brownish yellow or reddish brown, and a clumsy brown stalk, much swollen at the base. It is also tough. After blanching, draining and sedulously drying, you have to cut these leathery, uncouth caps into slabs about half an inch thick. First crisped in boiling olive-oil to a golden brown, salted and peppered, they are put in a well-oiled stewpan over the slowest possible fire. While they are cooking, chop garlic, parsley and the stalks, pound them together and add ten minutes before serving.

Truffles are found in our south-western counties, but not precisely those "black diamonds of the kitchen" dug up in the oak-glades of the famous truffle-parks of S.W. France. The "oak" is generally a stunted bush, on the roots of which the warty growth is a sort of parasite; the "park" is merely a well-cleared, but rather stony, piece of woodland. Yet this landscape has a tranquil charm early on an autumn morning when gossamer-threads are still draping stones and moss. The first white frost which has turned the oak-

leaves brown will have turned the truffles black, giving them savour and flavour.

Along comes a truffle—"digger" (*caveur*), leading a sow and carrying a light rod, a round basket and a cotton wallet full of maize. The sow sniffs round under the bushes, roots among the stones and presently turns up in the reddish earth a perfumed morsel of black. A tap on her snout, a jerk of the lead, and, dropping the titbit, she gets instead a few grains of maize. Deftly the *caveur* lays in his bracken-lined basket the future portion of some fragrant dish, such as *truffes à la serviette*.

Truffles for this *plat* must be well washed, well brushed, put whole into an earthenware pipkin with a little, a very little salted water, and seasoned with a little, a very little pepper. You cover the pipkin and cook gently, ever so gently, for, say, three quarters of an hour. Then you reduce the liquid, stir in a glass of Armagnac and hurry the dish along to your guests in a tightly knotted table-napkin, that nothing of the aroma be lost.

I don't presume to dictate, but *truffes à la serviette*—capital thing!

### TRAVELLER'S JOY

"ANOTHER WORLD" By BON VIVEUR

We have experienced the alchemy of mountains in many lands, cherished the still-born dream of Shangri-La and watched the unformed wraiths which drift for the contemplative in the wide valley spaces intersecting peaks; but never till we paid Swedish pilgrimage north of the Arctic Circle to the Land of the Midnight Sun have we experienced quite such a sense of old activities in timeless places. We went to Sweden for the Midsummer Celebrations. We stayed in Rättvik in the province of Dalarna and saw the feudal ceremonies which have their root in pagan worship to the old sun god. We watched from the terrace of the Siljansborg Hotel—where the pattern of guests and comfort is evocative of elegant Edwardian house-parties—as the costumed villagers erected their giant herb and flower-garlanded maypole, danced their traditional dances and flung the colours of their breeches, shirts and petticoats in gouts of brilliance against the larch and birch trees which fringe the great lake Siljan.

When the time came to move northwards we were reluctant to leave this peaceful terrain, till as our car ran endlessly through the great pine forests, tossing us glimpses of the surging rivers which swept the timber in majestic spate, a new expectation touched us; one which was to be confirmed in two easily accessible but infinitely remote regions of calm and beauty "all overgrown with azure moss and flowers, so sweet, the sense faints picturing them."

If you study the map of Sweden you will see north eastward on the Swedish-Norwegian border the name Fjällnäs. Fjällnäs is Lapp country. At the Högfjället Hotel we joined our friend and host—Ake Hallner. This Byronic figure, half Swede, half Scot, whose skill with rod and fly, on skis, with gun and on horseback is legendary hereabouts, showed us his territory for a few unforgettable days. In winter, Fjällnäs is the scene of reindeer barbecues, of dog-sleigh races and midnight feasts of reindeer bones and sherry, when the snows bewitch the region into a

crystal, quivering silence. But for our visit the salmon were crowding the lakes and rivers; bear were rumbling through the fallen pines in the encircling forests and, as happened to us upon our forays, great foxes, like wolves bound quivering across the climber's path and the air is drenched with the pungent scent of juniper berries.

With a Lapp chieftain and our host we fished the salmon beneath a waterfall, and then at midnight, traditionally, gutted, salted and slung them across branched stakes, roasting and smoking them simultaneously over a chimney-shaped fire of juniper. With slabs of rock slate we built the chimney, thus drawing the smoke to the fish in a narrow plume. An unforgettable feast.

With Mr. Hallner we drove the hotel bus forty kilometres up a mountain track which only a Lapp-trained man could decently term a road.

This was bear country, through which we plodded over a tangle of deadwood, wild orchids, kingcups and forget-me-nots. For two hours we trekked, rising to beyond the summer snow level on a pilgrimage scarce known in Europe. We reached our objective in clear sunlight at 9 p.m. The wind lifted across the plateau and as we looked down at the springy turf we saw that a minutiae of flowers was tangling in frail perfection through sharp tangerine to vivid cyclamen, tender delphinium and lapis lazuli.

Six thousand years ago the Lapp tribes drove their reindeer over the precipitous sides of this plateau where we now stood, thus slaying them without the effort of slitting their throats.

Somewhere between three and six thousand years ago one such Lapp decorated the walls of his cave with murals in an earthy red, drawing the tale of hunters, bears, dogs and reindeer for us to look upon in the XXth century. The outer wall of the cave has fallen away. The murals stand bared to the winds and the beating walls of snow.

Then we went to our third and last destination—Riksgränsen, north of Abisko in Lapplandia in a stretch of lonely isolation where the sun never sets in summer, the light scarcely comes at all in

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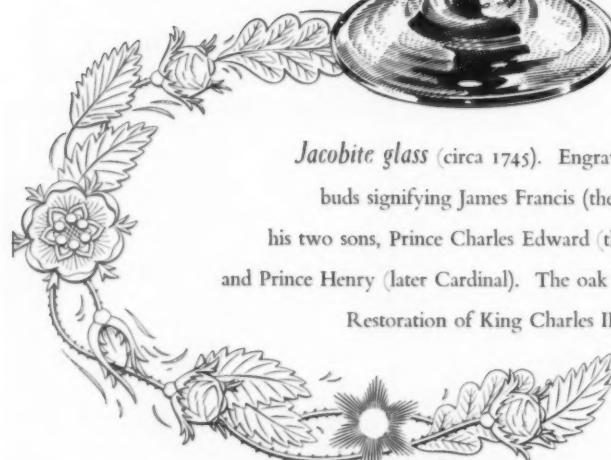
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*Jacobite glass (circa 1745). Engraved with rose and two buds signifying James Francis (the 'Old Pretender'), and his two sons, Prince Charles Edward (the 'Young Pretender'), and Prince Henry (later Cardinal). The oak leaf reminiscent of the Restoration of King Charles II; and the star *en soleil*.*

*Our current List is available on request.*

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winter and the nearest roads lie 169 kilometres apart.

We had heard of an ancient Lapp god—a stone idol, half man, half beast which was rumoured to stand sentinel upon a lake facing an age-old Lapp summer encampment. After a weary spate of interrogation we finally found a young guide who said he knew a Lapp who had said the god watched his settlement. On this slender hope we set out one morning muffled in proofed gaberdines and smeared with jungle oils as protection against the mosquitoes. If you have ever walked across a well-sprung bed you will know what the soil beneath our feet felt like as we plodded, pack, still and ciné camera laden over endless kilometres of grey blue lichen spangled with the black-hearted little white flower of the fabulous cloudberry (hjortron), which yields up an exquisitely scented orange berry with a flavour half guava, half nectarine, the gastronomic peak of this journey.

We came to a lake. The promised Lapp boat lay chained to a rock. Our guide blew his whistle, the pre-arranged Lapp summons. Two and a half hours later he was still blowing it. Lapps are indifferent to time. We built a hasty smudge fire to ward off the worst of the insects. Then the Lapp came, and in his crude craft we embarked, were caught midstream in a minor whirlpool, extricated ourselves, sprung a leak, and holding precious equipment aloft, we baled furiously and made the farther shore. The trek was on again. In another hour we struggled across a bog, climbed a tenuous path with a gradient of one in three and came out upon the flat clearing of the old summer camping ground.

We carefully broached the subject of the god—then we saw the sight we had come to study. The whole tribe led us to the promontory which overhung the inner lake. There, on the far side, watching the fishing nets, the gutted salmon on the foreshore and the swaddled cocoon-like babies was the black stone god thirty feet high, brooding over the timeless centuries with a markedly sphinx-like countenance.

That night we saw the midnight sun, a massive fire ball which drenched the home lake by our rest house hotel. The scene was pagan, splendid and a little fearsome. The gulls were disturbed by it, excited and made restless. They surged to the wing, chattering, and were seemingly whirled like bleached cinders flung up from a volcanic crater. A solitary eagle hovered on the skyline, rising and falling as if sucked up by hot air from the stupendous sun. The reflection turned the lake white, graining it like walnut until it seemed formed of liquid snow. The multitudinous little green birch trees, wind-forsaken, were transformed into Chinese carvings in jade by that flaming sky. Out of the world we know the majesty was almost overpowering. It was with something akin to relief that we drew the thick curtains across the windows, dispelled the uncanny night-time daylight and slept.

In the morning, after a two and a half hour train journey, we flew the fifteen hundred kilometres back to Stockholm by the newly inaugurated air service. In four and a half hours we were dining in a fashionable restaurant off salmon poached with dill and cloudberries capped with whipped cream.

## SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES BY BRICOEUR

**CLOCKS AND WATCHES.** Sotheby's had an important sale of the first portion of the collection of clocks and watches formed by the late Percy Webster, Esq., and sold by order of the executors. This is of exceptional quality and is probably one of the last opportunities collectors will have to acquire such pieces. Among the German examples was an extremely rare mid-XVIIth-century clock watch, 2½ in. diam., probably made at Nuremberg, which fetched £340. The striking movement was in original state, the wheels and plates made of iron, and the circular gilt brass case superbly cast, pierced and chased. This clock-watch also had two subsidiary hand-operated lunar, calendar and double-twelve dials, an Italian sundial and compass box, the gilt dial plate had a sundial with gnomon for latitudes, and a small silver dial with touch-pins and hours from I to XII and 13 to 24. Formerly in the Whitcomb-Greene collection, 1932, it is comparable with the well-known example in the Mallett collection which Baillie illustrates in pl. VII of *Watches*. £650 was paid for the rare and attractive musical and automata travelling watch by William Hughes of London, which had been taken in 1861 from the Emperor of China's bedroom in the Summer Palace, Pekin. The maker specialised in the Far Eastern market and was Free of the Clockmaker's Company from 1781-1794. This example of his work was made about 1780. It is typically elaborate and at the hour plays a tune on a carillon of six bells, in the upper half of the dial figures walk across a bridge below which is a mechanical waterfall. The pair case has a Bistolf enamel of two children at the back and the gilt metal case is pierced and engraved with foliage, 7 in. diam. Earlier examples included an Elizabethan oval gilt metal watch by the Huguenot maker, "Francois Nawe at Londen", c. 1590, which was formerly in the Levy collection and sold for £210. This watch is in the style of the Low Countries. The case with a moulded band engraved with foliage and the back engraved with the figure of a woman. The verge movement slides into the case and is secured by a turn-buckle on the disc, the dial has touch-pins and single steel spear-shaped hand.

Among the clocks in the collection is the Cassiobury Park Turret clock, a rare example probably dating from the early XVIIth century, comparable to the Dover Castle clock. This measured 23 in. wide by 30 in. high, and fetched £110. The iron movement in an iron frame with wooden winding drums, the going train with two wheels only, and the original foliot balance with adjustable weights. The hour wheel rotates anti-clockwise once in twelve hours and carries a set of twelve pins which discharge the striking train. This clock was No. 4 in the British Clockmakers' Heritage Exhibition at the Science Museum, 1952. An extremely rare Elizabethan vertical table clock, by Michael Nouwen, London, 1598, brought £520. In a simple gilt-metal case with a small door for inspecting the fusee and a pierced and engraved bell above. The silvered dial has a gilt-metal alarm ring and single steel hand. The movement, which is mainly of brass, has later chain and balance wheel escapement with hair-spring. The maker is recorded by Baillie as being active in London between 1582-1613 and made fine watches. The celebrated table clock by Bartholomew Newsam in the British Museum should be compared with this example. An important early XVIIth-century Augsburg clock, by Georg Schmidt, brought £850. The movement was contained in a crystal globe supported by three copper-gilt male figures in cuirasses, the circular base which contains the bell engraved with leaf ornament, and inscribed "Commutat, Concludit et omnia tempus profert." The hourband forms the circumference of the globe and the hours are indicated by a long pointer, the quarters by the sword of a putto who revolves at the top. The gut fusee movement is of brass with steel cock and wheel balance, bristle regulator.

The few examples of later clocks which were in this portion of the sale included a Tompion and Banger Grande Sonnerie bracket clock, No. 443, which sold for £420, and a rare equation regulator longcase clock, by Thomas Mudge, for £520. The first had an engraved, numbered and signed backplate and was contained in a tortoiseshell-veneered case 23½ in. high, c. 1705. R. W. Symonds illustrates the backplate in *Thomas Tompion*, fig. 195. The longcase clock was contained in a mahogany case with arched top, and the movement with an inverted dead-beat escapement, bolt-and-shutter maintaining power and overwinding device, 6 ft. 9 in. high, c. 1765.

Rogers, Chapman and Thomas sold a garniture-de-cheminee for £36. This comprised a clock in ormolu case and pair of urn-shaped vases.

**TAPESTRIES.** Christie's sold important tapestries which included a set of four large panels of Brussels Tapestry from the late XVIIth century. The subjects were Venus and Cupids, Diana with Ceres, Juno with peacocks and Ceres with nymphs and a black-moor, all with landscape background, and the borders finely woven with flowers. Each panel was 11 ft. 8 in. high and the set sold for 2,500 gns. Another important example was a Beauvais tapestry screen of four leaves, containing eight tapestry panels, with figures emblematic of the Four Seasons, in the manner of Jean Berain, the lower panels with fable subjects. The tapestry panels measured about 32½ in. high by 20½ in. wide, and each leaf of the screen 6 ft. 3 in. high by 23½ in. wide. This lot brought 1,150 gns. Another

Beauvais tapestry, in the style of Francois Boucher, brought 520 gns., 8 ft. 8 in. high by 9 ft. 9 in. wide.

**FURNITURE.** At a sale of fine English and French furniture Sotheby's made £900 for an early George III English lacquer commode painted with scenes from Chinese Life, the top with birds, fruit and flowers, the front with a pair of serpentine doors enclosing oak-lined drawers, 4 ft. 8 in. wide. Among the French furniture were two examples from the Louis XV period: a poudreuse inlaid with whorl patera and flowerhead trellis, ormolu mounted, which brought £430, 3 ft. wide, and a marquetry commode, 3 ft. 7 in. wide, with two bombe-fronted drawers, £350. This piece was stamped with the M. E. Poincon and a barely legible signature, which is possibly that of Joseph Stockel. An important set of ten Chippendale chairs, including a pair of arm-chairs, sold for £2,200. These were in mahogany, with the frames exceptionally finely carved with leaves and flame moulding, and the cabriole legs with furred claw feet, the seats and backs were covered in pale green silk damask with double serpentine top rails. Lent to the Exhibition of English Chairs, May, 1938.

At Christie's a Sheraton satinwood cabinet, which is reputed to have been originally at Carlton House, sold for 780 gns. This had a winged upper part with glazed doors and table-shaped lower part with bowed centre, 5 ft. 7 in. wide. Another interesting lot included in this sale was a set of three Chippendale mahogany arm-chairs in the French style, the contemporary needlework covers in gros point with flowers, trees, birds and buildings, enclosed in panels, were worked by Lady Barbara North, daughter of the 8th Earl of Pembroke and wife of Dudley North of Gleham Hall, Suffolk, where the chairs were at one time. They were later in the collection of the Earl of Guildford. A chair from this suite is illustrated by P. Macquoid in *A History of English Furniture (Age of Mahogany)*, fig. 188-190, and by Ralph Edwards in *The Dictionary of English Furniture*, revised edition, vol. I, fig. 197.

The Motcomb Galleries made £300 for a Boulle escritoire sent in by the Earl of Clanwilliam, from Montalto, Co. Down. This piece measured 4 ft. 5 in. and was heavily mounted with gilt-bronze ornaments. Another Boulle piece in this property was a red tortoise-shell kneehole table on eight tapered square legs and cross bracings, 3 ft. 2 in., which brought £70.

Phillips, Son and Neale, sold a partner's Regency mahogany desk with pedestal support and inlaid decoration, for £110. 5 ft. wide. At another of their furniture sales a pair of late XVIIIth-century "D"-shaped card tables brought £72. These were of mahogany and rosewood with boxwood stringing and measured 37 in. wide.

At a well-attended sale in Lewes, Messrs. Rowland Gorringe and Co. made £30 for a Sheraton table, and £25 and £60 for two Regency tables, the first a library table and the second a dining table.

### HOUSE SALES.

**ABERGAVENNY.** Messrs. J. Straker, Chadwick and Sons of Abergavenny sold the fixtures and fittings of Coldbrook Park, Abergavenny, prior to demolition. This XIVth-century mansion was extensively renovated about 1730. Among the items sold were three Georgian carved and panelled pine doors and two sash windows, which brought £100, and four pairs of fine quality early XVIIth-century mahogany doors with carved frames, £220. The XVIIth-century pine paneling from the drawing room, which measured 24 ft. 6 in. by 18 ft. by 12 ft. 3 in. high, brought £220. Among the fireplaces sold was an XVIIth-century marble mantelpiece, £190, and another smaller, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £120.

**KINGSWOOD.** At a house sale at the Old Vicarage, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley sold a Queen Anne walnut secretaire-bookcase for £230. The pediment was inset with a steel and ormolu timepiece inscribed, George Clarke, London. 3 ft. 1 in. wide. Among the pictures was a portrait of a gentleman in a blue coat, by George Stuart, 30 in. by 25 in., which brought £200.

**PETERSFIELD.** Knight, Frank and Rutley held another House sale at Island, Steep, nr. Petersfield, Hants, at which they sold a painting by Gaetano Chierici, 1881, for £900. This was called "The Pets," and measured 31 in. by 33 in.; another painting by the same artist brought £400.

**MARLBOROUGH.** Messrs. Thake and Paginton, of Newbury, held a sale at Oare, near Marlborough, at which a set of ten shield-back chairs, including two arm-chairs, brought £145. These were country-made in mahogany, with pierced splats and tapering legs.

**NEWBURY.** The same auctioneers, Messrs. Thake and Paginton, held a sale at a private residence in Newbury which included two circular brass-bound wine coolers, each of which sold for £23 10s. One measured 13½ in., the other was slightly smaller. A two-pillar mahogany dining-table brought £44, and a 4 ft. mahogany and inlaid side-table, £32. The clocks included a longcase clock by John Clowes which sold for £32 10s. There was also a pair of 12-in. Pontypool Vases which brought £11.

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★ For Sale Room Notes and Prices please turn to page 83 ★

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